

WIT and MIRTH;

OR,

Tom D'Urfey's Pills

TO

PURGE MELANCHOLY:

A

SELECTION OF HIS BEST SONGS
INTO ONE VOLUME.

WITH AN

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

He was certainly a very diverting companion, and a chearful, honest, good-natured man; so that he was the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of Charles the second to the latter part of King George the first's reign: and many an honest gentleman got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

L O N D O N:

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S U M M E R Y

OF THE

L I F E

OF

THOMAS D'URFEY.

THIS author, who is more generally spoken of by the familiar name of Tom, was descended from an ancient family in France. His parents being Huguenots, fled from Rochelle before it was besieged by Louis the XIII. in 1628, and settled at Exeter, where this their son was born, but in what year is uncertain. He was originally bred to the law; but soon finding that profession to saturnine for his volatile and lively genius, he

A 2

quitted

quitted it, to become a devotee of the Muses; in which he met with no small success. His dramatic pieces, which are very numerous, were in general well received; yet, though he has not been dead above sixty years, there is not one of them now on the muster-roll of acting plays.

The licentiousness of intrigue, looseness of sentiments, and indelicacy of wit, which were the strongest recommendation to the audience for whom they were written, having very justly banished them from the stage in this period of purer taste, yet are they very far from being totally destitute of merit. The plots are in general busy, intricate and entertaining; the characters not ill drawn, although rather too farcical, and the language, if not perfectly correct, yet easy and well adapted for the dialogue of comedy. But what Mr. D'Urfey obtained his greatest reputation by, was a peculiar happy knack he possessed in writing satire and irregular odes. Many of these were upon temporary occasions, and were of no little service to the party in whose cause he wrote; which, together with his natural vivacity and good humour, obtained him the favour of great numbers of all ranks and conditions, monarchs themselves not excluded. He was strongly attached to the tory interest; and in the latter part of Queen Ann's reign, had frequently the honour of diverting that princess with witty catches and songs of humour, suited to the spirit of the times, writ-

ten by himself, and which he sung in a lively and entertaining manner. And the author of the Guardian, who, in No. 67, has given us a very humorous account of Mr. D'Urfey, with a view to recommend him to the public notice for a benefit play, tells us that he remembered Charles the second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him.

He was certainly a very diverting companion, and a chearful, honest, good-natured man ; so that he was the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of Charles the second to the latter part of George the first's reign : and many an honest gentleman got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey. Yet, so universal a favourite as he was, it is apparent, that towards the latter part of his life he stood in need of assistance to prevent his passing the remainder of it in a cage, like a singing bird, for to speak in his own words, as repeated by the above-named author, " After having
 " written more odes than Horace, and about four times
 " as many comedies as Terence, he found himself
 " reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a
 " set of men, who of late years had furnished him with
 " the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say,
 " be paid with a song." Mr. Addison then informs us, that in order to extricate him from these difficulties, he
 himself

himself immediately applied to the directors of the play-house, who very generously agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, a play of Mr. D'Urfey's, for the benefit of its author. What the result of this benefit was does not appear; but it was probably sufficient to make him easy, as we find him living and continuing to write with the same humour and liveliness to the time of his death, which happened on the 26 of February, 1723. What was his age at that time, is not certainly specified any where; but he must have been considerably advanced in life, his first play, which could scarcely have been written before he was twenty years of age, having made its appearance forty-seven years before. He was buried in the church-yard of St. James's, Westminster.

Those who have a curiosity to see his ballads, sonnets, &c. may find a large number of them brought together in a collection, in six volumes in duodecimo, intitled, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, of which the *Guardian*, in No. 26, speaks in very favourable terms.

P I L L S

TO

PURGE MELANCHOLY.

S O N G.

JOLLY Roger Twangdillo of Plouden Hill,
In his chest had two thousand good pounds,
Fat oxen and sheep, and a barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good acres of ground ;
Which made ev'ry maiden with maidenheads laden,
And widows, tho' just set free,
To wrangle and fret, and pump up their wit.
To train to the net, Twangdillow, Twangdillo,
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo
Twangdee.

B

The

The first that brake ice was a lass had been
 Born of a good house, but decay'd ;
 Her gown was new dy'd, and her night-train clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been bred ;
 She'd dance Northern Nancy,
 Ask'd *Parler vous Fransay*,
 That Hodge might her breeding see,
 She'd roll her eye,
 Breath short with a sigh.
 Whene'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a Sempstress of stature low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a male,
 Her hair as black as an autumn shoe,
 And hard as a coach-horse tail :
 She'd ogle and wheedle,
 And prick with her needle ;
 What d' lack, what d' buy ? cried she ;
 But now the brisk tone
 Is chang'd to a groan,
 Ah ! pity my moan,, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A musty old Chamber-maid, lean and tall,
 The next as a suitor appears,
 With a tongue loud and shrill, but no teeth at all,
 For time had drawn them many years :
 Cast gowns and such lumber,
 Old smocks without number,

She

She bragg'd should her dowry be,
 Forty pair of lac'd shoes,
 Ribbons green, red, and blues,
 But all would not noose Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a las of a Popish strain,
 That Jesuit whims had been taught,
 She bragg'd they soon should have King James again,
 Tho' her spouse was late hang d for the plot;
 The French would come over,
 And land here at Dover,
 And all as they wish'd would be;
 The Jacobite jade,
 Talk d as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A Vintner's fat widow then straight was view'd,
 Whose cuckold had pick'd up some pelf;
 He had kill'd half his neighbours with wine he'd brew'd,
 And lately had poison'd himself.
 With bumpers of Claret,
 No souse paying for it,
 She Roger's companion be;
 Strike fist on the board,
 Come kiss me ador'd Twangdillo, Twang, &c,

But Roger resolv'd not to be her man,
 And so gave a loose to the next,

The niece of a canting, bleer-eyed *Non Con.*

That stily could canvas a text.

A dame in Cheapside too,

Would fain be his bride too,

And make him of London free;

But no las would go down

In country or town,

So purse proud was grown, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

Till at last pretty Nancy, a farmer's joy,

That newly a milking had been,

Round-fac'd, cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking eye,

Came tripping it over the green:

She mov'd like a goddess,

And in her lac'd bodice,

A span she could hardly be;

Her hips were plump grown,

And her hair a dark brown;

'Twas she that brought down Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

S O N G.

TOM Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear,

And I will go with him his budget to bear;

For of all the young men he had the best luck,

All the day he will fuddle, at night he will —

This way, that way, which way you will,

I am sure I say nothing that you can take ill.

With

With hammer on kettle he tabors all day,
At night he will tumble on strumil or hay;
He calls me his jewel, his delicate duck,
And then he will take up my smicket to —
This way, &c.

Tom Tinker, I say, was a jolly young lad,
He tickled young Nancy, and made her start mad;
To have a new rubber with him on the grafs,
By reason she knew that he had a good —
This way, &c.

There was an old woman, on crutches she came
To lusty Tom Tinker, Tom Tinker by name;
And tho' she was aged near three score and five,
She kickt up her heels and resolved to —
This way, &c.

A beautiful damsel came out of the West,
And she was as jolly and brisk as the best;
She'd dance, and she'd caper, as wild as a buck,
And told Tom the Tinker she would have some —
This way, &c.

A lady she call'd him her kettle to mend,
And she resolved herself to attend;
Now as he stood stooping and mending the brafs,
His breeches were torn, and down hung his —
This way, &c.

Something

Something she saw that pleased her well,
 She call'd in the Tinker and gave him a spell ;
 With pig, goose and capon, and good store of suck,
 That he might be willing to give her some —
 This way, &c.

He had such a trade that he turn'd me away,
 Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay ;
 So as towards him I was going to pass,
 He gave me a slap in the face with his —
 The way, &c.

I thought in my heart he had struck off my nose,
 I gave him as good as he brought I suppose ;
 My words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
 Quoth I, I had rather been stopp'd in my —
 This way, &c.

I met with a Butcher a killing a calf,
 I then stepp'd to him and cried out half ;
 At his first denial I fell very sick,
 And he said it was all for a touch of his —
 This way, &c.

I met with a Fencer going to school,
 I told him at fencing he was but a fool ;
 He had but three rapiers, and they were all blunt,
 And told him he shou d no more play at my —
 This way, &c.

I met

I met with a Barber with razor and balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave alls ;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my —

This way, &c.

I met with a Fidler a fidling aloud,
He told me he had lost the case of his croud ;
I being good natured as I was wont,
Told him he should make a case of my —

This way, &c.

S O N G.

POOOR Sawny had married a wife,
And he knew not what to do with her ;
For she'd eat more barley bread,
Then he knew how to give her :
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together, &c.
We'll make no more beds than one,
Till Jove sends warmer weather.
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more beds than one,
Till Jove sends warmer weather.

We'll

We'll put the sheep's head in the pot,
 The wool and the horns together;
 And we will make broth of that,
 And we'll all sup together,
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 Till Jove sends warmer weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c

The wool shall thicken the broth,
 The horns shall serve for bread,
 By this you may understand,
 The virtue that's in a sheep's head:
 And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Some shall lig at the head,
 And some shall lig at the feet,
 Miss Cuddy would lig in the middle,
 Because she'd have all the sheet:
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the loft,
 And Sawny would fain have been at her,

Miss

Miss Cuddy fell down in her smock,
 And made the glass windows to clatter :
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to bed,
 The bridegroom followed after,
 The fidler crept in at the feet,
 And they all lig d together,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

S O N G.

BENEATH a cold shade Amarylis was fate,
 Complaining of love and bemoaning her fate;
 Ah! she cried, why must maids be so formal and coy,
 To deny what they think is their only true joy ?
 And custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our hearts are on fire, and love bids us fall to ;
 And custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our hearts are on fire, and love bids us fall to.

Young Strephon was near her, and heard the complaint,
 He easily guess'd what the damsel did want ;

C

He

He rush'd in upon her, in kisses replied,
 Caught her fast in his arms, she faintly denied:
 What they did, without study we soon may divine,
 'Twas Strephon's luck then, the next minute be mine.

S O N G.

WITH sighing and wishing and green-sickness diet,
 With nothing of pleasure, and little of quiet;
 With a granum's inspection, and doctor's direction,
 But not the specific that suits my complexion:
 The flower of my age is full blown in my face,
 Yet no man considers, yet no man considers,
 My comfortless case.

Young women were valued, as I have been told,
 In the late times of peace, above mountains of gold;
 But now there is fighting, we are nothing but flitting,
 Few gallants in conjugal matters delighting:
 'Tis a shame that mankind should love killing and slaying,
 And mind not supplying the stock that's decaying.

Unlucky Clarinda, to love in a season,
 When Mars had forgotten to do Venus reason;
 Had I any hand in rule or command,
 I'd certainly make it a law of the land:
 That killers of men, to replenish the store,
 Be bound to the wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted

Enacted moreover for better dispatch,
That where a good Captain meets with an o'ermatch,
His honest Lieutenant with soldier-like grace,
Shall relieve him on duty, and serve in his place:
Thus killers and slayers of able good men,
Without beat of drum may recruit 'em agen.

S O N G.

TO you fair ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you;
With a fa la, la, la, la,
The Muses now, &c.

But tho' the Muses should be kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune cause the wind,
To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pens. and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ship at sea,
With a fa la, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not that we're unkind;

Nor yet conclude that we are lost,
 But Dutch, by French, or wind;
 Our grief will find a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a day.
 With a fa la, &c.

The King with wonder and surprise,
 Will think the sea grown bold,
 For that the tide does higher rise,
 Then e'er it did of old:
 But let him know that 'tis our tears,
 Sends floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
 With a fa la, &c.

Should Count Thoulouse but come to know,
 Our sad and dismal story;
 The French would scorn so weak a foe,
 Where they can get no glory:
 For what resistance can they find,
 From men who've left their hearts behind.
 With a fa la, &c.

To pass our tedious time away,
 We throw the merry main;
 Or else at serious Ombra play,
 But why should we in vain,
 Each others ruin thus pursue,
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa la, &c.

Whea

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in e'ery note;
 And if it figh'd for each man's care,
 For being so remote:
 'Think then how often love we've made,
 To you while all those tunes were play'd.
 With a fa la, &c.

Let wind and weather do their worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Frenchmen vapour, Dutchmen curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Nor who's our friend, nor who our foe.
 With a fa la, &c.

Thus having told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this declaration moves,
 Some pity to our tears:
 Let hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa la, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN I visit proud Cælia just come from my glass,
 She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an afs,
 When

When I mean of my passion to put her in mind,
 She bids me leave drinking or she'll ne'er be kind:
 That she's charmingly handsome I very well know,
 And so is my bottle each bumper so too,
 And to leave my soul's joy, oh! 'tis nonsense to ask,
 Let her go to the devil, to the devil, bring the other half
 flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bade me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear,
 Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,
 I had baulk'd her. and gone to St. James's to prayers;
 Had she bid me read homilies three times a day,
 She, perhaps, had been humour'd with little to say.
 But at night to deny me my flask of dear red,
 Let her go to the devil, to the devil, there's no more to
 be said.

S O N G.

BOAST no more fond Love thy power,
 Mingling passion, sweet and sour;
 Bow to Cælia, shew thy duty,
 Cælia sways the world of beauty:
 Venus now must kneel before her,
 And admiring crouds adore her.

Like

Like the sun that gilds the morning,
 Cælia shines, but more adorning;
 She like fate, can wound a love,
 Goddess like too, can recover:
 She can kill, or save from dying,
 The transported soul is flying.

Sweeter than the blooming rose is,
 Whiter than the falling snow is;
 Then such eyes the great creator
 Chose his lamp to kindle nature;
 Curst is he that can refuse her,
 Ah! hard fate, that I must loose her.

S O N G.

TANTIVEE, tivee, tivee, tivee, high and low,
 Hark, hark how the merry, merry horn does blow,
 As through the lanes and meadows we go,
 As pufs has run over the down:
 When Ringwood and Rockwood, and Jowler and Spring,
 And Thunder and Wonder made all the woods ring,
 And horsemen and footmen, hey ding, a ding ding,
 Who envies the pleasure and state of a crown.

Then

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, jolly boys,
 Keep in with the beagles now whilst the scent lies,
 The fiery-fac'd god was just ready to rise,

Whose beams all our pleasures controuls;
 Whilst over the mountains and vallies we roll,
 And Wat's fatal knell in each hollow we toll;
 And in the next cottage tope off a full bowl,
 What pleasure like hunting can cherish the soul.

S O N G.

WHEN for air

I take my mare,

And mount her first,

Walk.

She walks just thus,
 And motion slow;
 With nodding, plodding,
 Wagging, jogging,
 Dashing, splishing,
 Snorting, starting,
 Whimsically she goes:

Then whip stirs up,

Trot.

Trot, trot, trot;
 Ambling then with easy slight,

Pace.

She riggles like a bride at night;
 Her shuffling hitch,
 Regales my britch;

Trot.

Trot. Whilst trot, trot, trot, trot,
 Brings on the gallop,
Gallop. The gallop, the gallop,
 The gallop, and then a trot,
Trot. Trot, trot, trot, trot,
 Straight again up and down,
Gallop. Up and down, up and down,
 Till she comes home with a trot,
Trot. When night dark grows.

 Just so Phillis,
 Fair as lilies,
Walk. As her face is,
 Has her paces;
 And in bed too,
 Like my pad too;
 Nodding, plodding,
 Wagging, jogging,
 Dashing, plashing,
 Flirting, spirting,
 Artful are all her ways:
Trot. Heart thumps pit, pat,
 Trot, trot, trot, trot:
Pace. Ambling then her tongue gets loose,
 Whilst wriggling here I press more close:
 Ye Devil, she cries,
 I'll tear your eyes.
Trot. When main seiz'd,

D

Bum

Bum squeez'd,
Gallop. I gallop, I gallop, I gallop, I gallop,
Trot. And trot, trot, trot, trot,
 Straight again up and down,
Gallop. Up and down, up and down,
 Till the last jerk with a trot,
Trot. Ends Love's chace.

S O N G.

MY life and my death were once in your pow'r,
 I languish'd each moment and died ev'ry hour ;
 But now your ill usage has open'd my eyes,
 I free my poor heart, and give others advice :
 By dissembling and lies the coquet may be won,
 But he that loves faithfully will be undone.
 Time was, false Aurelia, I thought you as bright
 As angels adorn'd in the glories of light ;
 But your pride and ingratitude now, I thank fate,
 Have taught my dull sense to distinguish the cheat :
 And now I can see in your face no such prize,
 No charms in your person, no darts in your eyes.
 Fain, fain for your sake my amours I would end,
 And the rest of my days give my books, and my friend ;
 But another kind fair calls me fool, to destroy,
 For the sake of one jilt, my whole life greatest joy :

For

For tho' friends, wine and books, make life diadem shine,
Love, love is the jewel that makes it so fine.

S O N G.

TO cullies and bullies
Of country and town,
To wearers and tearers,
Of manteau and gown;
All Christian good people, that live round Paul's steeple,
I'll tell you a pleasant case:
Hot-headed I wedded,
At age of threescore,
A flaunting young woman,
Eighteen and no more;
Of parents I sought her, and money soon bought her,
I well might have had more grace;
For daily at table
She'd pout and she'd squabble,
And this was still all I got;
When e'er I ask'd why,
She'd cry, pish, fie!
For gold nor apparel
I never did quarrel,
But only you starve my cat.

A pretty young Kitty,
 She had that could purr ;
 'Twas gamefome and handsome,
 And had a rare furr ;
 And ftraight up I took it, and offer'd to ftroke it,
 In hopes I fhould make it kind :
 But louting and pouting,
 It ftill was to me,
 Tho' Nature the creature
 Design'd fhould be free,
 I play'd with its whifkers, and would have had difcourfe,
 But ah ! it was dumb and blind :
 When Cloris unquiet, who knew well its diet,
 And found that I wanted that :
 Cried, pray run fetch John,
 He's the man that can,
 When it does need it,
 Beft knows how to feed it,
 Or gad you will ftarve my cat.

As fleet as my feet
 Could convey me I fped,
 To Jonny, who many
 Times puffly had fed ;
 I told him my errand, he wanted no warrant,
 But hafted to fhew his fhill :
 He took it to ftroke it,
 And clofe in his lap,

He

He laid it to feed it.

And gave it some pap,

And with such a passion it took the collation,

Its belly began to fill;

And now within doors is, so merry my Cloris,

She laughs and grows wonderous fat :

And I run for John,

Who's the man that can,

Tho' I am at a distance,

Give present assistance,

To please her, and feed her cat.

S O N G.

He. **O**F all the comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the sot and married;
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't,
 Those that are in't will fain get out on't,

She. Fie, my dear, pray come to bed,
 That napkin take and bind your head,
 Too much drink your brain has dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons, 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,
 For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

She,

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave,
Was I. was I made a wife to lie alone.

He. From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a courting,
Sports that far excel a madam,
Or all wives have been since Adam.

She. I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you,
And whilst you tope all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

He. Pox, what care I, drink your sloop till you die,
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home,

She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted,
When I, when I fend for you, my dear pray come.

He. Ere I'll be from rambling hindered,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
To be sober I have no leisure.
What's a man without his pleasure.

She. To my grief then I must see,
Strong ale and Nantz my rival be,
Whilst you tope it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids

He.

He. Oons you may go to your gossops you know,
And there if you can meet with a friend. pray do.
She. Go you joker, go provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G.

'T WAS when Summer was rosy,
In woods and fields many a poesy;
When late young flaxen-hair'd Nelly,
Was way-laid by bonny black Willy :
He ogled her, and teiz'd her,
He smuggled her, and squeez'd her,
He grabbed her too very near the belly ;
She cried I never will hear ye,
Oh lord ! oh lord ! I can't bear ye,
Ye tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so Willy.

Soon the fit tho' was over,
And Nelly her breath did recover ;
When Whilly bated his wooing,
And coolly prepared to be going :
When Nelly tho' he teiz'd her,
And grabbed her and squeez'd her,
Cried, stay a little, I vow and swear I could kill ye,
Another touch I can bear ye,
Oh lord ! oh lord ! I will hear ye,
Then tickle me again, tickle me again, Willy. SONG.

S O N G.

A Dialogue sung by a Boy and Girl, supposed Brother
and Sister.

He. **A**H! my dearest, my dearest Celide,
 Tother day I ask'd my mother,
 Why thy lodgings chang'd must be,
 Why not still lie with thy brother ;

She. I remember well you did,
 And I know too what she said,
 Lissis is a great boy, great boy grown.
 Therefore now must lie alone.

C H O R U S.

He. To part us the custom of modesty votes,
 Unless you had breeches,

She. Or you had long coats.

He. I wonder what's in my little tiny breeches,
 Sure there's some witchcraft in the stitches.

She. Or what devil here resides,
 That my petticoats thus hides,
 For I long for a kifs,

He. So do I.

She

She. Mother laughs an hour or two, when I
Sometimes to know why,
A he and she may not bed at our size,
As well as two girls,
Or as well as two boys :

He. I will since I am kept from you,
Get a wife as soon as may be ;

She. And I'll get a husband too,
Three times bigger than my baby.

C H O R U S.

Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent play,
And kiss when mamma is gone out of the way :
For I fear we shall cry, when we know
'Tis all that a brother and sister can do,

S O N G.

WHEN Sylvia in bathing, her charms does expose,
The pretty banquet dancing under her nose ;
My heart is just ready to part from my soul,
And leap from the Ga—ry into the bowl :
Each day I provide too,
A bribe for her guide too,
And gave her a crown,
To bring me the water where she sat down ;

E

Let

Let crazy physicians think pumping a cure,
That virtue is doubtful, but Sylvia's is sure.

The Fidlers I hire to play something sublime,
And all the while throbbing my heart beats to time;
She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,
That who it is address'd to, straight ev'ry one knows;
Would I were a vermin,
Call'd one of her chairmen,
Or serv'd as a guide;
Tho' shew'd as they do a damn'd tawny hide,
Or else like a pebble at bottom could lie,
To ogle her beauties, how happy were I.

S O N G.

UPON a sunshine summer's day,
When every tree was green and gay;
The morning blush'd with Phœbus ray,
Just then ascending from the sea:
As Sylvia did a hunting ride.
A lovely cottage he esp'y;
When lovely Cloe spinning sat,
And still she turn'd her wheel about.

Her

Her face a thousand graces crown,
 Her curling hair was lovely brown;
 Her rolling eyes all hearts did win,
 And white as down of swans her skin;
 So taking her plain dress appears,
 Her age not passing sixteen years;
 The swain lay fighting at her foot,
 Yet still she turn'd her wheel about.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
 Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind;
 Such grace attracting noble loves,
 Was ne'er design'd for woods and groves:
 Come, come with me, to court my dear,
 Partake my love and honour there;
 And leave this rural fordid rout,
 And turn no more thy wheel about.

As this, with some few modest sighs,
 She turn'd to him her charming eyes;
 Ah! tempt me, sir, no more she cries,
 Nor seek my weakness to surprise:
 I know your art's to be believ'd,
 I know how virgins are deceiv'd;
 Then let me thus my life wear out,
 And turn my harmless wheel about.

By that dear panting breast, cries he,
 And yet unseen divinity;
 Nay, by my soul, that rests in thee,
 I swear this cannot, must not be :
 Ah ! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the man that loves thee so ;
 But go with me, and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more thy wheel about.

His cunning tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart ;
 And now she thinks it is no sin,
 To take love's fatal poison in :
 But ah ! too late she found her fault,
 For he her charms has soon forgot ;
 And left her ere the year run out,
 In tears to turn her wheel about.

S O N G.

HARK the cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly fair morning ;
 Up Roger and James, and drive out your teams,
 Up quickly to carry the corn in :
 Davy the drowsy, and Barnaby browzy,
 At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jear, boys ;
 Sluggards shall chatter, with small-beer and water,
 Whilst you shall tope off the March beer, boys.

Laffes

Lasses that snore for shame give it o'er,
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing;
 To get us stout Hum when Christmas is come,
 Away where the barley is mowing:
 In your smock sleeves too, go bind up the sheaves too,
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry;
 Then when work's over, at night give each lover,
 A hugg and a buss in the dairy.

Two for the mow, and two for the plough,
 Is then the next labour comes after;
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my wife and my daughter:
 Roger the trusty, tell Rachel the lusty,
 The barn's a brave place to steel garters;
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the mow then,
 And take it at night for your quarters.

S O N G.

John. COME Jug, my honey, let's to bed,
 It is no Sin, sin we are wed;
 For when I am near thee, by desire
 I burn like any coal of fire.

Jug

Jug. To quench thy flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the sun, and I the sea;
All night within my arms shalt be,
And rise each morn as fresh as he.

CHO. Come on then, and couple together,
Come all, the old and the young,
The short and the tall;
The richer than Cræsus,
And poorer than Job,
For 'tis wedding and bedding,
That people's the globe.

John. My heart and all at thy command,
And tho' I've never a foot of land,
Yet six fat ewes, and one milch cow,
I think, my Jug, is wealth enow.

Jug: A wheel, six platters and a spoon,
A jacket edg'd with blue galloon;
My coat, my smock is thine, and shall
And something under best of all.

CHO. Come on then, &c.

SONG,

S O N G.

DE'LL take the wars that hurried Willy from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn,
 They made him Captain sure to undoe me,
 Woe is me, he'll ne'er return ;
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run;
 Day and night I did invite,
 To stay safe from the sword and gun:

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;
 And had he my soft arms,
 Preferr'd to war's alarms:
 By love grown mad, without the man of Gad,
 I fear in my fit, I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me would catch the men ;
 And on my head a huge commode sat cocking,
 Which made me shew as tall again :
 For a new gown too, I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flowers did shine ;
 My love might well think me gay and bonny,
 No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.

My

My petticoats I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace shoes, and silk hose, Garter full over knee;
 But oh! the fatal thought,
 To Willy these were nought,
 Who rid to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he silly loon might have plunder'd me.

S O N G.

He. **W**HERE oxen do low,
 And apples do grow,
 Where corn is sown,
 And grass is mown;
 Where pigeons do fly,
 And rooks nestle high;
 Fate give me for life a place:
She. Where hay is well cock'd,
 And udders are strok'd;
 Where duck and drake,
 Cry quack, quack, quack;
 Where Turkeys lay eggs,
 And sows suckle pigs,
 Oh! there I would pass my days.

He. On nought we will feed,

She. But what we do breed;

And

And wear on our backs,

He. The wool of our flocks;

She. And tho' linen feel

Rough, spun from the wheel,

'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

He. Town follies and cullies,

And Mollies and Dollies,

For ever adieu, and for ever;

She. And beaus that in boxes

Lie smuggling their doxies,

With wigs that hang down to their bums.

He. Good buy'e to the mall,

The park and canal,

St. James's square,

And flaunters there:

The gaming-house too,

Where high dice and low,

Are manag'd by all degrees:

She. Adieu to the knight,

Was bubbled last night,

That keep a blowz,

And beats his spouse;

And now in great haste,

To pay what he's lost,

Sends home to cut down his trees:

He. And well fare the lad,

She. Improves ev'ry clad,

He. That ne'er set his hand,
To bill or to bond,

She. Nor batter'd his flocks,
For wine or the pox,
To chouse him of half his days:

He. But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever ;

She. Whose lips when you bufs 'em,
Smell like the bean blossom,
Oh, he 'tis that shall have my praise.

He. To taverns where goes,
Sour apples and flocs,
A long adieu !
And farewell too,
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

She. Good buy'e to the change,
Where rantepoles range ;
Farewell cold tea,
And rattifée,
Hyde-park too, where pride
In coaches do ride.

Altho' they're choak'd with dust.

He. Farewell the law gown,

She. The plague of the town,

He. And foes of the crown,

That

That should be run down,
She. With city jack-daws;
 That make staple-laws,
 To measure by yards and ells.
He: Stock jobbers and swabbers,
 And packers and tackers,
 For ever adieu, and for ever,

C H O R U S.

We know what you're doing
 And home we're both going,
 And so you may ring the bells.

S O N G.

A Tory, a Wig, and a moderate man,
 O'er a tub of strong ale
 Meet, in Aylesbury vale,
 Where there liv'd a plump lass they call'd buxom P
 The Tory, a Londoner proud and high,
 The Wig was a tradesman plaguy fly;
 The Trimmer, a farmer, but merry and dry,
 And thus they their suit began:
 Pretty Nancy we're come to put in our claim,
 Resolv'd upon wedlock's pleasing game;

Here's Jacob the big,
 And William the Wig,
 And Roger the grigg,
 Jolly lads as e'er was buckled in girdle fast;
 Say which you will chuse,
 To tie with a noose,
 For a wife we must carry whate'er comes on't,
 Then think upon't,
 You'll never be sorrow when you've done't,
 Nor like us the worse for our wooing so blunt,
 Then tell us who pleases best.

The lass who was not of the motion fly,
 The ripe years of her life
 Being twenty and five:

To the words of her lovers straight made reply;
 I find you believe me a girl worth gold,
 And I know too you like my copyhold;
 And since fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
 One of ye I mean to try.

But I'm not for you nor S——'s cause,
 Nor you with your H——y's hums and haws;

No Jacob the big,
 Nor William the whig,
 But Roger the grigg,

With his mirth and mildness happily please me can;
 'Tis him I will chuse,
 For the conjugal noose;

And

So that you the church bully may rave and rant.

And you may can,

'Till both are impeach'd in parliament ;

'Tis union and peace that the nation does want,

So I'm for the moderate man.

S O N G.

ONE Sunday at St. James's prayers,

The Prince and Princess by,

I drefs'd with all my whalebone airs,

Sate in the closet nigh :

I bent my knee, I held my book,

I read the answers o'er,

But was preverted by a look,

That pierc'd me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to use,

And blest devotion there,

Which gay young Strephon made me loose,

And other raptures share ;

He watch'd to lead me to my chair,

And bow'd with courtly grace,

But whispered love into my ear,

To warm for that grave place.

Love,

Love, love, cried he, by all ador'd,
 My fervent heart has won;
 But I grown peevish at that word,
 Desir'd he would be gone:
 He went, whilst I, that look'd his way,
 A kinder answer meant,
 And did for all my sins that day,
 Not half so much repent.

S O N G.

GREAT Lord Frog to Lady Mause,
 Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
 Dwelling near St. James's house,
 Cocky mi, chari she;
 Rode to make his court one day,
 In the merry month of May,
 When the sun shone bright and gay,
 Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Countess y' have three daughters fine,
 Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
 I'd fain make the youngest mine,
 Cocky mi, chari she:
 I'm well made as ever was male,
 Only bating one simple ail;
 Pox upon't I've never a tail,
 Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lady

Lady Mouse.

Wellcome noble peer to town,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
I'll straight call my darling down,
Cocky mi, chari she:
So much wealth will sure prevail,
Yet I wish that you might not fail;
Your fine Lordship had a tail,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Here she comes shall be my spouse,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
If she'll deign to grace my house,
Cocky mi, chari she:
I've a head where love can plant,
Tho' a trifling tail I want;
Will you fair one a liking grant,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

I can ne'er to one consent,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
Wants that needful ornament,
Cocky mi, chari she:
Uncle Rat too so well known,
That a swinger has on's own,
Ne'er will let me wed with none,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lora

Lord Frog.

Sing I can't, my voice is low,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
But for dancing dare Santlow,
Cocky mi, chari she:
Than altho' my bum be bare,
All must own 'tis smooth and fair;
I've no scares of Venus there,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

When we treat you at our cheefe,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
All that naked part one sees,
Cocky mi, chari me:
Cover d close we creep and crawl,
When you swim or diving fall,
Fie for shame, you shew us all
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Since y' are on these lofty strains,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;
I'll get one shall value brains,
Cocky mi, chari she.

Miss Mouse.

Now your Lordship idly prates;
Those that will have constant mates,

Must

Must have tails as well as pates,
Twiddle come tweedle twee.

S O N G.

PHILLIS when your ogling eye,
Betrays your wanton vanity,
Rail not if a standard by,
Does all your thoughts explain:
When you prim or screw your face,
Or flutter in fantastic drefs,
Blame not wit if rhimes exprefs,
The vice of things so vain:
If you would be fam d for fenfe,
And scruple severity of pen,
Lay by your pride, and still provide
For graces of the mind:
For let virtue, like the fun,
Extend its rays when all is done,
'Tis very rare the wife and fair,
To meet in woman-kind.

S O N G.

WHAT s the worth of fenfe or living,
If we flint ourfelves of blifs;

G

Grief

Grief is but a self deceiving,
 Chusing may be for what is :
 Dos'd all night, and daily weeping,
 Zealots think to heaven to climb ;
 Thus with can'ing and with sleeping,
 The poor fots lose all their time.

Give me love, and give me wine too,
 For life's cares to make amends ;
 Wit and poetry divine too,
 And a charming female friend :
 In a moral honest station,
 To my grave in peace I'll go ;
 Let the bug Predestination,
 Fright the fools no better know.

S O N G.

THE world was hush'd, and nature lay,
 Lull'd in a soft repose ;
 As I in tears reflecting lay
 On Chloe's faithless vows :
 The God of Love all gay appear'd,
 To heal my wounded heart ;
 New pangs of Joy my soul endear'd,
 And pleasure charm'd each part :

Fond

Fond man, said he, here ends thy woe,
Till they my power and justice know,
The foolish sex will all do so.

But for thy ease, believe no bliss
Is perfect without pain;
The fairest summer hurtful is,
Without some showers of rain;
The joys of heaven, who would prize,
If men too cheaply bought?
The dearest part of mortal joys,
Most charming is when fought:
And though with dross true love they pay,
Those that know finest metal say,
No gold will coin without allay.

But that he generous lover may,
Not always sigh in vain;
The cruel nymph that kills to-day,
To-morrow shall be slain:
The little God no sooner spoke,
But from my sight he flew;
And I that groan'd with Chloe's yoke,
Found Love's revenge was true:
Her proud hard heart too late did turn,
With fiercer flames than mine did burn,
Whilst I as much began to scorn.

S O N G.

SMUG, rich and fantastic old Fumbler was known,
 That wedded a juicy brisk girl of the town;
 Her face like an angel, fair, plump, and a maid,
 Her lure well in-tune too, could he but have play'd:
 But lost was his skill let him do what he can,
 She finds him in bed a weak filly old man;
 He coughs in her ear, 'tis in vain to come on,
 Forgive me, my dear, I'm a filly old man

She laid his dry hand on her snowy soft breast;
 And from those white hills gave a glimpse of the best;
 But ah! what is age when our youth's but a span,
 She found him an infant instead of a man:
 Ah! pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,
 You have let down my base, I'm no longer in tune;
 Lay by the dear instrument, prithee lie still,
 I can play but one lesson, and that I play ill.

S O N G.

WHEN the kine had giv'n a pail full,
 And the sheep came bleating home;
 Doll, who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young Tom:
 Hand in hand, fir,
 O'er the land, fir,

As

As they walked to and fro;
 Tom made jolly love to Dolly,
 But was answer'd, no, no, no, no, &c.

Faith, says Tom, the time is fitting,
 We shall never get the like;
 You can never get from knitting,
 Whilst I'm digging in the dike:
 Now we're gone too,
 And alone too,

No one by to see or know;
 Come, come, Dolly, prithee shall I?
 Still she answer'd, no, no, no, no, &c.

Fie upon you men, quoth Dolly,
 In what snares you'd make us fall;
 You'll get nothing but the folly,
 But I shall get the Devil and all:
 Tom with fobs,
 And some dry bobs,

Cried, you're a fool to argue so;
 Come, come, Dolly, shall I, shall I?
 Still she answer'd, no, no, no, no, &c.

To the tavern then he took her,
 Wine to Love's a friend confest;
 By the hand he often shook her,
 And drank brimmers to the best, &c.

Doll

Doll grew warm,
 And thought no harm;
 Till after a brisk pint or two,
 To what he said the silly maid,
 Could hardly bring out, no, no, no, no, &c.

She swore he was the prettiest fellow
 In the country or the town,
 And began to grow so mellow,
 On the couch he laid her down;
 Tom came to her,
 For to woo her,
 Thinking this the time to try :
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her no was chang'd to I, I, I, I, I, &c.

Closely then they join'd their faces,
 Lovers you know what I mean ;
 Nor could she hinder his embraces,
 Love was now too far got in ;
 Both now lying,
 Panting, dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy joy,
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

COLD and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the morning early;
 All the trees were hid in snow,
 Dag'd by winter yearly:
 When coming riding over a knough,
 I met with a farmer's daughter;
 Rosy cheeks and bonny brow,
 Good faith made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my breeding;
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 A visage far exceeding:
 I ask'd her where she went so soon,
 And long'd to begin a parley;
 She told me unto the next market town
 A purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lie fairly;
 Seek no farther one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy barley:
 Twenty more shall buy delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly;
 If thou wouldst stay with me all night,
 And go home in the morning early.

If twenty pounds could buy the globe,
 Quoth she, this I'd not do, fir;
 Or were my kin as poor as Job,
 I would not raise 'em so, fir:
 For should I be to night your friend,
 We'll get a young kid together;
 And you'd be gone ere the nine months end,
 And where should I find a father?

I told her I had wedded been,
 Fourteen years and longer;
 Or else I'd choose her for my queen,
 And tie the knot much stronger:
 She bid me then no farther roam,
 But manage my wedlock fair'y;
 And keep my purse for spouse at home,
 For some other should have her barley.

S O N G

To the former Tune.

A Beau dress'd fine met Miss divine,
 Resolv'd to court and woo her,
 With kifs and hat, yet she all that
 Thought little good could do her,

She

She gave a frown, but would not own
 His love for all that pother ;
 Her brain did soar at something more,
 A little of one with t'other.

You may, sir, skip my hand and lip,
 That bear your idle kissing ;
 Your barren suit will yield no fruit,
 If something else be missing :
 I won't dispute, you may salute
 Your sister, or your mother ;
 But who'll refine his joys must join
 A little of one with t'other.

To cheat me thus, like Tantalus,
 It makes me pine with plenty ;
 With shadows store, and nothing more,
 Your substance is too dainty :
 A flow'ry tree is like to thee,
 And but a blooming lover ;
 Flowers get fruit, or else be mute,
 A little of one with t'other.

Sharp join'd with flap, there's mirth in that,
 A low note and a higher ;
 The alt and mean, with fuge between,
 Such music we desire:

H

All

All of one string does loathing bring,
 Change is good Music's mother,
 Then leave my face, and sound my base.
 A little of one with t'other.

No warmth desire without a fire,
 No bargain without writing;
 In rapture then clap too your pen,
 You were before inditing:
 And if I take the lines you make,
 As from a willing lover;
 Like lawyers deal, first write, then seal,
 A little of one with t'other.

No greater truth could warm the youth,
 The lady's breath was rosy;
 He laid her down on flow'ry ground,
 To treat her with a poesy:
 And whilst in haste he claspt her fast,
 And did with kisses smother,
 She cried, my heaven, you've sweetly given,
 A little of one with t'other.

S O N G.

OF noble race was Shinking,
 The line of Owen Tudor,

Thum,

Thum, thum, thum, thum,
But her renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursu'd her.

Fair Winny's eyes bright shinning,
And lily breasts alluring :
Poor Jenkins' heart, with fatal dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettiest fellow,
At foot-ball or at cricket ;
At hunting chace, or nimble race,
Cots-plut how her could prick it,

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wane her cheeks too,
Her heart so aches, her quite forsakes
Her herrings and her leeks too.

No more must dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good Montgomery ;
And if Love's fore, smarts one week more,
Adieu cream-cheese and flomery.

S O N G.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
Serene was all the sky,

H 2

When

When on the waves I left my dear,
 The centre of my joy :
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy field did odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore ;
 Each river god rose from his bed,
 And figh'd and own'd her power :
 Curling their waves they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen,
 Her hero went to see ;
 Cidmus swell'e o'er his banks in pride,
 As much in love as he :
 Cidmus swell'd, &c.

Glide on ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell how much distress'd
 Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,
 And waft 'em to her breast
 Tell her if e'er she proves unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
 But morning had come at Grey as a cat;
 Cock and hens from their roosts did fly,
 Grunting hogs too had left their sty;
 When in a vale,
 Carrying a pail,
 Cicely her new lover met, dapper Harry;
 First they kifs'd,
 Then shook fist,
 Then talk'd as fools do that just were to marry

Zooks, cried Harry, I can't but think,
 Now we are come to wedlock brink;
 How pure a stock 'twill be, how fine,
 When you put your good mark to mine;
 Cifs at that,
 Glowing hot,
 Bus'd him as if she'd have burnt him to tinder;
 Thus they woo,
 But see how,
 Damn'd fate contriv'd now the bargain to hinder.

Cicely had got a cold, I suppose,
 And 'twixt her fingers was blowing her nose;
 Harry, that linen too wanted I doubt,
 Lent her his gloves, to serve for a clout;
 Scraping low,
 Manners to shew,

And

And tell her how much he was her adorer ;
 Pray mark the joke,
 Leather thong broke,
 And breeches fell down to his ancles before her,

Cicely who saw him thus distressed,
 Pul'd off her garters of woollen list ;
 And with a sly and leering look,
 Gave it to mend what was broke ;
 Fumbling he,
 Could not see,
 What he discover'd, tho' e'er he had tied all :
 For just before,
 Shirt was tore,
 And as the Devil would have't she had spy'd all,

She then gave him so cold a look,
 Discontent it plainly spot ;
 And running from him near a mile,
 He overtook her near a stile :
 Too much haste,
 Milk doth cast,
 And topsy turvy she fell on her pole with't :
 He seeing that,
 Run with's hat,
 But could not cover her c— for his soul with't,

Have

Have you not seen at noon day,
 The sun his glorious face display ;
 So Cicely shone with beauty's rays,
 Reflecting from her postern graces ;
 Till at last,
 Struggling past,
 Wide sprawling legs were again set in order :
 But poor Hall,
 Since her fall,
 Stood just like one found guilty of murder.

The God of Love or else Old Nick,
 Sure had design'd this devilish trick,
 To make the bridegroom and the bride,
 With themselves dissatisfied ;
 She grown coy,
 Call'd him boy,
 He getting from her, cried, zouns, your is a rouzer :
 Foh, she cried,
 By things spied,
 She had as live a mere baby should espouse her.

S O N G

I AM a cunning constable,
 And a bag of warrants I have here,

To

To press sufficient men, and able,
 At Horn castle to appear :
 But now-a-days they're grown so cunning,
 That hearing of this martial strife ;
 They all away from hence are running,
 Where I miss the man, I'll press the wife.

Ho, who's at home ? Lo, here am I,
 Good-morrow neighbours. Welcome, sir ;
 Where is your husband ? Why, truly,
 He's gone abroad a journey far :
 Do you not know when he comes back ?
 See how these cowards fly for life !
 The King for soldiers must not lack,
 If I miss the man, I'll take the wife.

Shew me by what authority
 You do it, pray sir, let me know ;
 It is sufficient for to see,
 The warrant hangs in bag below :
 Then pull it out, if it be strong,
 With you I will not stand at strife :
 My warrant is as broad as long,
 If I lose the man, I'll press the wife.

Now you have press'd me and are gone,
 Please you but let me know your name ;

That

That when my husband he comes home,
 I may declare to him the same:
 My name is Captain Ward, I say,
 I ne'er fear'd man in all my life;
 The King for soldiers must not stay,
 Missing the man, I'll press the wife.

S O N G.

ONE long Whitsun holiday,
 Holiday, holiday, 'twas a jolly day;
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida, Phillida, welladay,
 Met in the peas:
 They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity,
 Scanting was wanting their bosoms to ease:
 But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see, for as they lie
 In close hug, Sir Domine, gemini! gemini!
 Chanc'd to come by;
 He read prayers i'th' family,
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old Homily, Homily, Homily,
 Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight, full of spite,
 As a kite, runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hyypocrite, hypocrite, hypocrite,
 Mischief to say;
 Save he, would fair Phillida, Phillida, Phillida,
 Drefs'd that holiday,
 But poor Ralph, ah ! welladay ! welladay ! welladay !
 Turn'd was away,
 Ads nigs, cries Sir Domini, gemini ! gemini !
 Shall a rogue stay,
 To baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly,
 Has been the way ?
 No : I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I'll read prayers and homily, homily, homily,
 Three times a-day.

S O N G

THUS Damon knock'd at Cælia's door,
 Thus Damon knock'd at Cælia's door,
 He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
 The sign was so, she answer'd no,
 The sign was so, she answer'd no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
 No, Damon, no, no, no, no, I am afraid ;

Consider

Consider, Damon, I'm a maid,

Consider, Damon, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a maid.

At last his sighs and tears made way,

She rose and softly turn'd the key;

Come in, said she, but do not, do not stay.

I may conclude you will be rude;

But if you are you may:

I may conclude you will be rude,

But if you are you may.

SONG.

THE world is a bubble and full of decoys,

Her glittering pleasures are flattering toys;

The which in themselves no true happiness brings,

Rich rubies, nay diamonds, chains, jewels, and rings:

They are but as drops, and in time will decay,

So will virgin beauty, so will virgin beauty,

Tho' never so gay.

Then boast not young Phillis because thou art fair,

Soft roses and lilies more beautiful are

Then ever thou wast, when they in their prime,

And yet do they fade in a very short time:

All temporal glories in time will decay,

So will virgin beauty, so will virgin beauty,

Tho' never so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,
 Since years, months, and minutes, thy beauty will blast,
 Like flowers that fade in the fall of the leaf,
 Afford me thy favour and pity my grief:
 Ere thy youth and thy beauty does clearly depart,
 For thou art my jewel, for thou art my jewel,
 The joy of my heart.

I value not riches, for riches I have,
 I value not honour, no honour I crave;
 But what thou art able to blefs me withal;
 And if by thy frowns to despair I should fall,
 Then farewell those joys which so long I have fought;
 To languish in sorrow, to languish in sorrow,
 Alas! I am brought.

I come not to flatter, as many have done,
 Afford me a smile, or, my dear, I shall run
 Distracted, as being disturb'd in mind,
 Then now, now or never be loving and kind:
 This day thou canst cherish my sorrowful state,
 To-morrow, sweet jewel, to-morrow, sweet jewel,
 It may be too late.

You know that young women has rail'd against men,
 And counted them false and base flatterers, when
 We find that your sex are as cruel to us,
 Or else you would never have tortur'd me thus:

As

As now you have done by your darts of disdain,
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,
Yet all is in vain.

A N S W E R

NOW dry up thy tears, and no longer exclaim,
Against thy fair beautiful Phillis by name;
Who never as yet was acquainted with love;
Yet here I declare by the powers above,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
Wherefore bid thy sorrows, wherefore bid thy sorrows,
For ever adieu.

With all the affection that words can express,
I freely surrender, and can do no less;
When as I consider in every degree,
How loyal and faithful thou hast been to me,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
And so bid thy sorrows, and so bid thy sorrows,
For ever adieu.

S O N G.

YOU that delight in a jocular song,
Come listen unto me awhile, fir;

I will

I will engage you shall not tarry long,
 Before it shall make you to smile, fir :
 Near to the town there liv'd an old man,
 Had three pretty maids to his daughters;
 Of whom I will tell such a story anon,
 Will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man had in his garden a pond,
 'Twas in very fine summer weather;
 The daughters one night they were all very fond,
 To go and bathe in it together:
 Which they agreed; but happen'd to be
 O'erheard by a youth in the house, fir;
 Who got in the garden, and climb'd by a tree,
 And there sat as still as mouse, fir.

The branch where he sat it hung over the pond,
 At each puff of wind it did totter;
 Pleas'd with the thoughts he should sit abscond,
 And see them go into the water:
 When the old man was safe in his bed,
 The daughters then to the pond went, fir;
 One to the other two, laughing, she said,
 As high as our bubbles we'll venture.

Upon the tender green grass they sat down,
 (They all were of delicate features);
 Each pull'd off her petticoat, smock, and gown,
 No sight it could ever be sweeter:

Into

Into the pond then dabbling they went,
 So clean that they needed no washing;
 But they were all so unluckily bent,
 Like boys they began to be dashing.

If any body should see us, says one,
 They'd think we were boding of evil;
 And from the sight of us quickly would run,
 And avoid so many white devils:
 This put the youth in a merry pin,
 He let go his hold thro' his laughter;
 And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
 And scar'd them all out of the water,

The old man by this time a noise had heard,
 And rose out of bed in a fright, sir;
 And came to the door with a rusty old sword,
 There stood in a posture to fight, sir:
 The daughters they all came tumbling in,
 And over their dad they did blunder;
 Whe cried out aloud, mercy, good gentlemen,
 And thought they were thieves come to plunder.

The noise by this time the neighbours had heard,
 Who came with long clubs to assist him;
 He told him three bloody rogues run up stairs,
 He dar'd by no means to resist them:
 For they were cloathed all in their buff,
 He saw as they shov'd in their shoulders;

And

And black bandaleer hung before them, like a ruff,
Which made him believe they were foldiers.

The virgins their cloaths in the garden had left,
And keys of their trunks in their pockets;
To put on the sheets they were fain to make shift,
Their chest they could not unlock it:
At last ventur'd up these valiant men,
Thus arm'd with courage undaunted;
But took them for spirits, and ran down again,
And swore that the house it was haunted.

As they retreated the young man they met,
Come shivering in at the door, fir;
Who look'd like a rat, with his cloaths dropping wet,
No rogue that was pump'd could look worfe, fir:
All were amaz'd to see him come in,
And ask'd of him, What was the matter?
He told them the story, and where he had been,
Which set them all in a laughter.

Quoth the old dad, I was in a huff,
And reckon'd to cut them asunder;
Thinking they had been three soldiers in buff,
That came here to rifle and plunder:

But

But they are my daughters whom I loved,
 All frighted from private diversion :
 Therefore I'll put up my rusty old sword,
 For while should I be in a passion.

S O N G.

ANDREW and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
 Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and Mary,
 Kate o'th' kitchen, and Kit of the mill,
 Dick the plough man, and Joan of the Dairy,
 To solace their lives, and to sweeten their labour,
 All met on a time with a pipe and a tabor.

Andrew was cloathed in shepherd's grey,
 And Will had put on his holiday jacket ;
 Beck had a coat of popin-jay,
 And Madge had a ribbon hung down to her placket ;
 Meg and Mell in frize, Tom and Jockey in leather,
 And so they began all to foot it together.

Their heads and their arms about them they flung,
 With all the might and force they had ;
 Their legs were like flays, and as loofely hung,
 They cudgel'd their a—s as if they were mad ;
 Their faces did shine, and their fires did kindle,
 While the maids they did trip and turn like a spindle.

K

Andrew

Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the chin,
 Simper she did like a furmity kettle;
 The twang of whose blubber lips made such a din,
 As if her chaps had been made of bell-metal;
 Kate laughed heartily at the same smack,
 And loud she did answer it with a bum-crack.

As no Whitsun ale there e'er yet had been,
 Such fraysters and friskers as these lads and lasses;
 From their faces the sweat ran down to be seen,
 But sure I am much more from their a—s;
 For had you but seen it, you then would have sworn,
 You never beheld the like since you was born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist,
 Here a hot breath, and there went a savour;
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist,
 Here they did simper, and there they did slaver;
 Here was a hand, and there was a placket,
 Whilst, hey! there sleeves went flicket-a-flacket.

The dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk,
 The maidens did smirk it, the youngsters did kiss 'em;
 Cakes and ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and drunk,
 They laugh'd and they gigl'd until they bepist 'em;
 They laid the girls down, and gave them a green mantle,
 While their breasts and their bellies went pintle a pantle.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN Herold was invaded,
 And, falling, lost his crown;
 And Norman William waded
 Through gore to pull him down:
 When countries round, with fear profound,
 To mend their sad condition;
 And lands to save, base homage gave,
 Bold Kent made no submission.

C H O R U S.

Sing, sing in praise of men of Kent,
 So loyal, brave, and free;
 Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout free-holder,
 That knew the tyrant near,
 In girdles, and on shoulders,
 A grove of *oaks* did bear;
 Whom when he saw in battle drawn,
 And thought how he might need 'em,
 He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
 Complete with noble freedom.
 Then sing in praise, &c.

And when, by barons wrangling,
 Hot faction did increase,
 And vile intestine jangling,
 Had banish'd England's peace,
 The men of Kent to battle went;
 They fear'd no wild confusion,
 But, join'd with York, soon did the work,
 And made a blest conclusion.
 Then sing in praise, &c.

At hunting, or the race too,
 They sprightly vigour shew;
 And at a female chace too,
 None like a Kentish beau.
 All blest with health, and as for wealth,
 By fortune's kind embraces;
 A yeoman grey, shall oft out-weigh
 A knight in other places.
 Then sing in praise, &c.

The generous, brave and hearty,
 All o'er the shire we find;
 And for the low church party.
 They're of the brightest kind:
 For King and laws, they prop the cause,
 Which high church has confounded;
 They love with height the moderate right,
 But hate the crop-ear'd Round-head
 Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
 For our forefathers meant;
 Is now, in right possessing,
 For Canaan sure was Kent :
 The dome at Knoll, by Fame enroll'd
 The church at Canterbury,
 The hops, the beer, the cherries here,
 May fill a famous story.
 Then sing in praise, &c.

S O N G.

THE night her blackest sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies ;
 And glitt'ring there were no more,
 Than those in Stella's eyes :
 When at her father's gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 And shrouded only with her smock,
 The fair one let me in.
 Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
 She, trembling, lay asham'd ;
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And every touch inflam'd :
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win ;
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.

Then !

Then! then! beyond expressing,
 Immortal was my joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So great a god was I:
 And she transported with delight,
 Oft pray'd me come again;
 And kindly vow'd that every night,
 She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And sighing fate and dull;
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd then just like a fool:
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin;
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er she let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part,
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart;
 But wedded and conceal'd the crime.
 Thus all was well again;
 Any now she thanks the blessed hour
 That e'er she let me in.

SONG.

S O N G.

'T WAS within a furlong of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year, when the grafs was
mown down,

Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,

Said to Jenny making hay :

Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle,

'Tis a fultry day.—

He long had courted the black-brow'd maid ;

But Jockey was a wag, and would not consent to wed :

Which made her pish and pooh, and cry out, it will not do ;

I cannot, sha'not, wonnot, munnot, dare not, buckle to.

He told her marriage was grown a mere joke,

And that no one wedded but the scoundrel folks ;

Yet, my dear, thou shouldst prevail,

But I know not what I ail,

I shall dream of clogs, and silly dogs

With bottles at their tail ;

But I'll give thee gloves, and a bongrace to wear,

And a pretty little filly foal to ride out and take the air ;

If thou ne'er wilt pish nor pooh, and cry, it ne'er will do.

I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me trinkets, cried she, I believe,

But ah ! what in return must your poor Jenny give !

When

When my maiden treasure's gone,
 I must gang to London town,
 And roar, and rant, and patch, and paint,
 And kifs for half a crown :
 Each drunken bully oblige for pay,
 And earn a hated living in a odious, fulsome way ;
 No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

S O N G.

THERE was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
 Sing trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She had good beer and ale for to sell ;
 Ho, ho, had she so, had she so, had she so ;
 She had a daughter, her name it was Sifs,
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She kept her at home for to welcome her guest,
 Ho, ho, did she so, did she so, did she so.

There came a trooper riding by,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 He call'd for drink most plentifully,
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.
 When one pot was out he call'd for another,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 He kifs'd the daughter before the mother,
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.

And

And when night came to bed they went,
Sing trolly, &c.

It was with the mother's own consent,
Ho, ho, was it so, &c.

Quoth she, what is it so stiff and warm,
Sing trolly, &c.

'Tis Ball, my nag, he will do you no harm,
Ho, ho, won't he so, &c.

But what is it that hangs under his chin,
Sing trolly, &c.

'Tis the bags he puts his provender in,
Ho, ho, is it so, &c.

Quoth he, what is this? Quoth she, 'tis a well,
Sing trolly, &c.

Where Ball, your nag, may drink his fill,
Ho, ho, may he so, &c.

But what if my nag should chance to slip in,
Sing trolly, &c.

Then catch hold on the grafs that grows on the brim,
Ho, ho, must I so, &c.

But what if the grafs should chance to fail,
Sing trolly, &c.

Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail,
Ho, ho, must I so, &c.

S O N G.

LET's be jolly, fill our glasses,
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 That o'erflows the wile with chink :
 Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,
 Riches prove to them a snare ;
 We are all as rich as Cræsus,
 Drink your glasses, take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,
 And our sorrows all forget ;
 Let us fuddle well our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt :
 When grim Death is looking for us,
 Whilst we're singing o'er our bowls,
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,
 Death depart, here's none but souls.

S O N G.

WHERE gott'st the Haver-mill bonack ?
 Blind booby canst thou not see ;
 Ife got it out of the Scotchman's wallet,
 As he lig lousing him under a tree.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horse, and call up my man ;
 Come open the gates, and let me go free,
 And shew me the way to bonny Dundee.

For

For I have neither robbed nor stole,
 Nor have I done any injury;
 But I have gotten a fair maid with child,
 The minister's daughter of bonny Dundee,
 Come fill up the cup, come fill up the can,
 Come saddle my horse, and call for my man;
 Come open the gates, and let me go free,
 And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Altho' Ise gotten her maidenhead,
 Gued feith Ise given her mine in lieu;
 For when at her daddy's Ise gang to bed,
 Ise mow her without any more to do.
 Ise cuddle her close, and give her a kifs,
 Pray tell me now where is the harm of this;
 Then open the gates, and let me go free,
 And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

All Scotland ne'er afforded a lass,
 So bonny and blythe as Jenny, my dear;
 Ise give her a gown of green on the grafs,
 But now Ise no longer must tarry here.
 Then saddle my nag, that's bonny and gay,
 For now it is time to gang hence away;
 Then open the gates, and let me go free,
 She's ken me no more unto bonny Dundee.

In liberty still I reckon to reign,
 For why I have done no honest man wrong;
 The parson may take his daughter again,
 For she'll be a mammy before it is long:
 And have a young lad or lass of my breed,
 Ife think I have done her a generous deed;
 Then pen the gates, and let me go free,
 For Ife gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Since Jenny the fair was willing and kind,
 And came to my arms with a ready good will,
 A token of love Ife left her behind,
 Thus I have requitted her kindness still.
 Tho' Jenny the fair I often had mow'd,
 Another may reap the harvest I sow'd;
 Then open the gates, and let me go free,
 She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee

With sward ready drawn they rid to the gate,
 Where being denied an entrance thro',
 The master and man they fought at that rate,
 That some ran away, and others they flew.
 Thus Jockey the laird, and Sawney the man,
 They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
 In spite of the loons they set themselves free,
 And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

SONG.

S O N G

THE infant spring was shining,
 With greens and cowslips gay,
 The sun was just declining,
 To bathe him in the sea,
 When as o'er Wandfor hill I pass'd.
 To view the prospect rare.
 A lovely lass sate on the grass,
 Whose breath perfum'd the air.

Nor more let Fame advance, sir,
 In London Jenny's praise;
 For pretty Peg of Windsor,
 Excels her a thousand ways:
 For face, for skin,
 For shape, for mein,
 For charming, charming smiles;
 For eyes, and thighs,
 And something by,
 A King would give an isle.

The courtier, for her favour,
 Would slight his golden claim;
 The Jacobite to have her,
 Would quite adjure King James;
 The ruddy plump judge,
 That circuits does trudge,

Would

Would managing trials defer ;
 Postpone a cause,
 And wrest the laws,
To get but the managing her.

The general would leave burning
 Of towns in hot campaigns ;
The bishop his vum and thumbing,
 And plaguing his learned brains ;
 One fighting would mock,
 And t'other his flock,
A pin for religion or France ;
 This shun the wars,
 And that his prayers,
If Peggy would give a glance.

The powder'd playhouse ninny,
 With much less brains than hair,
That deals with Moll and Jenny,
 And tawdry common ware :
 If Peggy once he,
 Saw under a tree,
With rosy chaplets crown'd ;
 He roar and scow'r,
 And curse the hour,
That e'er he saw London town.

The

The sailor us'd to slaughter,
 In ships of oak strong wall'd;
 Whose shot 'twixt wind and water,
 The French *jam foutres* mawl'd:
 If Peggy once there,
 Her vessel should steer,
 And give the rough captain a blow;
 He'd give his eyes,
 And next French prize,
 That he might thump her so.

The doctor her half fainted,
 For cures controlling fate;
 That his warm engine planted,
 At many postern gate:
 If Peggy once was ill,
 And wanted his skill,
 He'd soon bring her to Death's door;
 By Love made blind,
 Slip from behind,
 And make an injection before.

The cit that in old Sodom,
 Sits cheating all the year,
 And to my Lord and Madam,
 Puts off his tarnish'd ware:
 This sneaking young fop,
 Would give his whole shop,

To

To get pretty Peggy's good will ;
 To have her stock,
 So close kept lock'd,
 And put in a key to her till.

Yet tho' she hearts disposes,
 And all things at her point ;
 Tho' London Jenny's nose is,
 Like other, out of joint :
 Yet she has one fault,
 Which Jenny has not,
 Who Love's happy laws has obey'd ;
 For Peggy does flight,
 And starve her delight,
 To keep that dull name of a maid.

S O N G.

To a Young Lady affronted by an envious Old Woman.

IN vain, in vain, fantastic age,
 Thou seek'st such virtue to abuse ;
 Ophelia does mankind engage,
 Each valiant sword, each noble muse.
 Fantastic with spite, let crazy time,
 Take pleasure to engender strife ;
 Whilst blooming beauty in her prime,
 Takes with a gust the joys of life.

Each

Each shameful word that malice speaks,
 Adds, dearest charmer, to your fame;
 Each hallow'd grove loud echo makes,
 Resounding fair Ophelia's name :
 Old age does beauty still prophane,
 Age ever did good nature want ;
 By scandal you more glory gain ,
 'Tis persecution makes the saint.

S O N G.

WE all to conqu'ring beauty bow,
 Its pleasing pow'r admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a face till now,
 That like yours could inspire.
 Now I may say, I met with one,
 Amazes all mankind ;
 And like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.
 Soft as the tender moving sighs.
 When longing lovers meet ;
 Like the dividing prophets wife,
 And like blown roses sweet :
 Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy night a bride ;
 A mein like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

M

The

The Patriarch, to gain a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah! were you to reward such cares,
 And life so long couldst stay;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

S O N G.

MUNDUNGO was as feat a jade,
 As e'er was in our town;
 And I as jolly lusty lad,
 As e'er mow'd clover down:
 So close three years we tied the knot,
 Our thumping hearts went pit, pit pat,
 And mine so pleas'd with you know what,
 We thought of nothing else.
 Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
 Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
 Ding, ding dong rung the bells.

Her nose was long, and stood awry,
 A goodly/fruitful sign;
 Nor blam'd I rotten teeth close by,
 Because the case was mine:

Her

Her feet were splay, my legs wrapt,
 We were so match'd we never carpt,
 Whilst merrily blind Tom that harp'd,
 In tune our story tells.
 Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
 Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
 Ding, ding dong rung the bells.

Brave times were these, but oh ! how soon
 Do wedlock's comforts fail ;
 The days that then were honey moon,
 Are wormwood now and gall.
 Her tongue clacks louder than a mill ;
 But jangle like two fiends of hell,
 Broke out from flaming cell.
 And whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
 Nor ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
 No longer rings the bells.

S O N G.

JUST when the young and blooming spring
 Had melted down the winter's snow,
 And in the groves the birds did sing
 Their charming notes on e'ery bough,
 Poor Willy fate bemoaning his fate.
 And woful state,

M 2

For

For loving, loving, loving,
 And dispairing too ;
 Alas ! he'd cry, that I must die,
 For pretty Kate of Edinburgh.

Willy was late at a wedding house,
 Where lords and ladies danc'd all arow ;
 But Willy saw nene so pretty a lass
 As pretty Kate of Edinburgh.
 Her bright eyes, with smiling joy,
 Did so surprize ;
 And something, something, something
 Else that shot him through :
 Thus Willy lay entranc'd in joys,
 With pretty Kate of Edinburgh.

The God of Love was Willy's friend,
 And cast an eye of pity down ;
 And straight a fatal dart did send,
 The cruel virgin's heart to wound.
 Now every dream is all of him,
 Who still does seem
 More lovely, lovely, lovely,
 Since the marriage vow :
 Thus Willy lies entranc'd in joys
 With pretty Kate of Edinburgh.

SONG.

S O N G.

ON a bank in flow'ry June,
 When groves are green and gay;
 In a smiling afternoon,
 With Doll young Willy lay;
 They thought none were to spy 'em,
 But Nell stood listening by 'em;
 Oh fie! Doll cried, no, I vow, I'd rather die,
 Than wrong my modesty:
 Quoth Nell, that I shall see.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by Nature taught,
 When she first to man inclines;
 Quoth Nell I'll venture that.
 Then who would loose a treasure
 For such a puny pleasure?
 Not I, not I, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true:
 Quoth Nell, the more fool you.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And godly books pursue;
 Then devote myself to pray'r;
 Quoth Nell, and — use:
 Young men are perfidious,
 But I will be religious.

Try

Try all, fly all, whilst I have breath deny ye all.
For the sex I now despise :
Quoth Nell, by G—d she lies.

Youthful blood o'er spreads her face,
When Nature prompts to sin :
Modesty ebbs out apace,
And love as fast flows in :
The swain that heard this schooling,
Asham'd, left off his fooling ;
Kill me, kill me, now I am ruin'd, let me die ;
You have damn'd my soul to hell ;
Try her once again, cries Nell.

S O N G.

A Lad o'th' town thus made his moan,
One winter's morning early ;
Alas, that I must lie alone,
And Moggy's bed so near me :
All night I tofs, I turn, and sigh,
Nor ever can I close my eye ;
Thinking that I lig so nigh
The lass I love so dearly.

She's all delight from foot to crown,
And just eighteen her age is ;

And

And that she still must lie alone,
 My heart and soul intrudes:
 I'd give the world I might put on
 Each morn her stockings or shoon;
 If I were but her serving loon,
 I'd never ask for wages.

If Moggy would be but my bride,
 I'd take no parent's warning;
 Nor value all the world besides,
 Nor any lasses scorning:
 My love has grown to such a height,
 I prize so much my own delight,
 I care not, had I her one night,
 If I were hang'd i th' morning.

S O N G.

A BROAD as I was walking, upon a summer's day,
 There I met a beggar woman cloathed all in grey;
 Her cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen her skin,
 She was the first that taught me to see the golin,
 Ah, see the golin, my Jo! see the golin.

You youngsters of delight, pray take it not in scorn,
 She came of Adams seed, tho' she was basely born;
 And tho' her cloaths were torn, yet she had a milk white
 skin.

She was the first, &c.

She

She had a pretty little foot, and a moist hand,
With which she might compare to any lady in the land;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks, and a dimpled chin,
She was the first, &c.

When that ay had wooed, and wad her twa my will,
Ay could not then devise the way to keep her baby still;
She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pin.
She was the first, &c.

Then she takes her bairn up, and wraps it weel in cloaths,
And then she takes a golin and stuck between her toes;
And ever as the lurden cried, or made any din,
She shook her foot, and cried out, Joe, see the golin,
And see the golin, my Jo, see the golin.

S O N G.

WAE is me, what ails our Northern loon,
That with jangling makes the times so baddy.
Snarling like a breed of hungry hounds,
Welladay, they must be drunk or maddy;
But tho' peace they destroy,
I have still some joy,
Since I wed a bonny Highland laddy.

London's

London's wily lads are all at strife,
 High and low boys daily new fears are bringing,
 Whilst there they lead a woeful life,
 In a meadow Jockey and I sit singing ;
 A sweet hornpipe he plays,
 To my roundelays,
 Whilst the merry Edinburgh bells are ringing.

See the daisy, and the gay primrose.
 Merry spring is coming to make us gladdy,
 Winter's vanish'd with its frost and snows,
 And no storm will gar me to be faddy ;
 For when the winds blows,
 Jockey wraps me close
 From the cold within his Highland pladdy.

Who would pine to have high place at court,
 Out away, 'tis but a fleeting vision ;
 Who would leave the jolly country sports,
 For the gown or swordsmen's gay condition ;
 Give me ten marks a year,
 And my Highland dear,
 And adieu to pride and all ambition.

S O N G

SEE how fair and fine she lies,
 Upon her bridal bed ;

N

No

No lady at the court,
 So fit for the sport,
 Oh she look'd so curiously white and red:
 After the first and second time,
 The weary bridegroom slack's his pace;
 But oh! she cries, come, come my joy,
 And cling thy cheek close to my face:
 Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell under the bed,
 Whilst time and touch they keep;
 Then with a kiss
 They end their bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

S O N G.

I AM one in whom Nature has fix'd a decree,
 Ordaining my life to be happy and free;
 With the cares of the world I ne'er am perplex'd,
 And never depending, I never am vex'd:
 I'm neither of so high nor so low a degree,
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me;
 My life is a compound of freedom and ease,
 I go where I will, and I work when I please:
 I live below envy, and yet above spight,
 And have judgment enough for to do myself right;
 Some greater and richer I own there may be,
 Yet as may live worse as live better than me,
 And few that from cares live so quiet and free.

When

When money comes in I live well till its gone,
 So with it I'm happy, content when I've none;
 I spend it genteelly, and never repent,
 If I lose it at play, why I count it but lent:
 For that which at one time I lose among friends,
 Another night's winnings still makes me amends;
 And tho' I'm without the first day of the week,
 I still make it out by shift or by tick;
 In mirth at my work the swift hours they pass,
 And by Saturday night I'm as rich as I was.

Then let masters drudge on, and be slaves to their trade,
 Let their hours of pleasure by business be stay'd;
 Let them venture their stock to be ruin'd by trust,
 Let clickers bark on the whole day at their post;
 Let them tire all that pass with their notified cant,
 "Will you buy my shoes, pray see what you want;"
 Let the rest of the world contend to be great,
 Let some by their losses repine at their fate;
 Let others that thrive, not content with their store,
 Be plagu'd with the trouble and thoughts to get more.

Let wise men invent, till the world be deceived,
 Let fools thrive thro' fortune, and knaves be believed;
 Let such as are rich know no want, but content.
 Let others be plagu'd to pay taxes and rent;
 With more freedom and pleasure my time I'll employ,
 And covet no blessings but what we enjoy.

Then let's celebrate Cripin with bumpers and song,
And they that drink foul, may it blister their tongue,
Here's two in a hand, and let no one deny 'em,
Since Crispin in youth was a Seat's Man as I am.

S O N G.



YOU happy youths, whose hearts are free,
From Love's imperial chain,
Henceforth be warn'd and taught by me,
And taught by me to avoid enchanting pain.
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Sharp winds to blossoms prove ;
To careless seamen, hidden rocks ;
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,
The snake's beneath the flow'r :
Whoever gaz'd on beauty's eyes,
That tasted quiet more ?
The kind with restless jealousy,
The cruel fill with care ;
With baser falshood those betray,
These kill us with despair.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN first Amyntas charm'd my heart,
 The heedless sheep began to stray;
 The wolves soon stole the greatest part,
 And all will now be made a prey:
 Ah! let not love your thoughts possess,
 'Tis fatal to a shepherdes;
 The dangerous passion you must shun,
 Or else, like me, be quite undone.

S O N G.

LET soldiers fight for pay or praise,
 And money be misers' wish;
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish:
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
 Therefore give us cheering bowls.

Let minions marshall in their hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight;
 And artificial colours wear,
 We have the native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant, pout, and culver salmon,
 And how to please your palates think;

Give

Give me a salt Westphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink,
'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirit brave,
That lively, that before was dull;
Those grow good fellows that are grave,
For kindness flows from cups brim full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phthific, some the rheum,
Some have the palsy, some have the gout;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are found that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health;
Some want a wife, and some a punk;
Some men want wit, and some want wealth,
But he wants nothing who is drunk.
'Tis wine, &c.

S O N G.

POOR Jenny and I we toiled,
In a long summer's day,
Till we were almost foiled,
With making of the hay:

Her

Her kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her brow ;
I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you.

Her stockings were of kersey green,
Well stich d with yellow silk ;
Oh ! sic a leg was never seen before,
Her skin as white as milk :
Her hair as black as any crow,
And sweet her mouth was too ;
Oh Jenny daintily can mow,
But, &c.

Her petticoats were not so low
As ladies they wear them ;
She needed not a page I trow,
For I was by to bear them :
I took them up all in my hand,
And I think her linen too ;
Which made me for to make a stand ;
But, &c.

King Solomon had wives enough,
And concubines a number ;
Yet I possels more happinefs,
And he had more of cumber :
My joys surmount a wedded life,

With

With fear she let's me mow her ;
 A wench is better than a wife,
 But, &c.

The lily and the rose combine,
 To make my Jenny fair ;
 There's no contentment sic as mine,
 I'm almost void of care :
 But yet I fear my Jenny's face
 Will cause more men to woo,
 Which if she should, as I do fear,
 Still what is that to you.

S O N G.

WHY so pale and wan fond lover,
 Prithee, prithee, prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail ?
 Why so dull and mute young sinner,
 Prithee, prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't ?
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her :
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can, nothing can make her,
 The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Whig that's full,
 An empty scull,
 A box of Burgamot ;
 A hat ne'er made
 To fit the head,
 No more than that to plot.
 A hand that's white,
 A ring that's right,
 A sword, knot, patch and feather ;
 A gracious smile,
 And grounds and oil,
 Do very well together.

A smack of French,
 And none of sense,
 All conquering airs and graces ;
 A tone that thrills,
 A leer that kills,
 Stol'n flights, and borrow'd phrases.
 A chariot gilt,
 To wait on jilt,
 An aukward pace and carriage ;
 A foreign tour,
 Domestic whore,
 And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,
 G— d— ye, ma'am,
 A smock face. tho' a tann'd one;
 A peaceful sword,
 Not one wise word,
 But stare and prate at random.
 Duns, bastards, claps,
 And am'rous scrapes
 Of Cælia and Amadis,
 Toss up a beau,
 That grand ragou,
 That hodge-podge for the ladies.

S O N G.

ONE night in my rambles I chanc'd to see,
 A thing like a spirit, it frightened me;
 I cock'd up my hat, and resolv'd to look big,
 And straight fell a tuning the Irish Jig,

The Devil drew nearer and nearer, in short
 I found it was one of the petticoat sort;
 My fears being over, I car'd not a fig,
 But still I kept tuning the Irish Jig,

And

And then I went to her, resolving to try her
I put her agog of a longing desire;
I told her I'd give her a whip for her gig,
And a scourge to the tune of the Irish Jig.

Then nothing but dancing our fancy could please,
We lay on the grafs and danc'd at our ease!
I down'd with my breeches, and off with my whig,
And we fell a dancing the Irish Jig.

I thank you, kind sir, for your kindness, said she,
The scholar's as wise as the master can be;
For if you should chance to get me with kid,
I'll lay the poor brat to the Irish Jig.

The dance being ended as you may see,
We rose by consent, and we both went away;
I put on my cloaths, and left her to grow big,
And so I went roaring the Irish Jig.

S O N G.

IT was a happy golden day,
When fair Althea, kind and gay,
Put all but love and me away;
I, arm'd with soft words, did address,
Sweet and kind kisses far express
A greater joy and happiness.

Nature, the best instructress, cried,
 Her ivory pillows to divide,
 That love may sail with wind and tide;
 She rais'd the mast, and sail'd by it,
 That day two tides together met,
 Drove him on shore soon dropping wet.

S O N G.

BONNY Peggy Ramsey that any man may see,
 And bonny was her face, with a fair freckl'd eye;
 Neat in her body made, and she hath good skill,
 And square is her weathergig made like a mill;
 With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
 Bonny Peggy Ramsey she gives weel her mill

Peggy to the mill is gone to grind a bowl of malt,
 The mill it wanted water, and was not that a fault;
 Up she pull'd her petticoats and piss'd into the dam;
 For six day and seven nights she made the mill to gang.
 With a hey, &c.

Some call her Peggy, and some call her Jean,
 But some calls her Midsummer, but they are all mista'en;
 For Peggy is a bonny lass, and grinds well her mill,
 For she will be occupied when others stand still.
 With a hey, &c.

Peg,

Peg, thee and Iſe grin a poke, and we to war leanes;
 Iſe lay thee flat upon thy back. and then lay to the ſteanes;
 Iſe make hopper titter totter, haud the mouth as ſtill,
 When twa ſits, and eane ſtands, merrily grind the mill.
 With a hey, &c.

Up goes the clap, and in goes the corn,
 Betwixt twa rough ſteans Peggy not to learn;
 With a dam full of water that ſhe holdeth ſtill,
 To pour upon the clap for burning of the mill.
 With a hey, &c.

Up ſhe pull'd the dam ſure and let the water in,
 The wheel went about, and the mill began to grind:
 The ſpindle it was hardy, and the ſteanes were they well
 pick'd.
 And the meal fell in the mill trough, and ye may all come
 lick.
 With a hey, &c.

S O N G.

PHILANDER and Sylvia, a gentle ſoft pair,
 Whoſe buſineſs was loving, and kiſſing their care;
 In ſweet ſmelling grove went ſmiling along,
 Till the youth gave a vent to the heart with his tongue:

Ah

Ah Sylvia! said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)
 Your cruel resolves will you never revoke?
 No never, she said; how never, he cried,
 'Tis the damn'd that shall only that sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
 Then blush'd, and her pretty eyes cast on the ground;
 She kiss'd his warm cheek, then play'd with his neck,
 And urg'd that his reason his passion should check:
 Ah, Philander! she said, 'tis a dangerous bliss,
 Ah! never ask more, and I'll give thee a kiss,
 How never! he cried, then shiver'd all o'er;
 No never, she said, then tripp'd to a bower.

She stopp'd at the wicket; he cried, let me in;
 She answer'd, I would, if it were not a sin;
 Heav'n fees, and the gods will chastise the poor head
 Of Philander for this; straight trembling he said,
 Heav'n fees, I confess, but no tell-tales are there;
 She kiss'd him, and cried, you're an Atheist, my dear;
 And should you prove false, I should never endure:
 How never! he cried, and straight down he threw her.

Her delicate body he clasp'd in his arms,
 He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd charms upon charm
 He cried, shall I now? no never, she said,
 Your will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead:

Then

Then as if she was dead, she slept and lay still,
 Yet even in death bequeath'd him a smile :
 Which embolden'd the youth his charms to apply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those who die.

S O N G.

YOU friends to reformation,
 Give ear to my relation,
 For I shall now declare, fir,
 Before you are aware, fir,
 The matter very plain,
 The matter very plain ;
 A gospel cushion thumper,
 Who dearly lov'd a bumper,
 And something else besides, fir,
 If he is not bely'd, fir,
 This was a holy guide, fir,
 For the Dissenting train.

And for to tell you truly,
 His flesh was so unruly,
 He could not for his life, fir,
 Pass by the draper's wife, fir,
 The spirit was so faint ;
 The jolly handsome quaker,

As

As he did overtake her,
 She made his mouth to water,
 And thought long to be at her,
 Such sin is no great matter,
 Accounted by a saint.

Says he, my pretty creature,
 Your charming handsome feature,
 Has set me all on fire,
 You know what I desire,

There is no harm to love;
 Quoth she, if that's your notion,
 To preach up such devotion,
 Such hopeful guides as you, sir,
 Will half the world undo, sir,
 A halter is your due sir,
 If you such tricks approve.

The parson still more eager,
 Than lustful Turk or Negro,
 Took up her lower garment,
 And said there was no harm on't,

According to the text;
 For Solomon more wiser,
 Than any dull adviser,
 Had many hundred misses,
 To crown his royal wishes,
 And why should such as this is,
 Make you so sadly vext.

The

The frighted female quaker,
 Perceiv'd what he would make her,
 Was forc'd to call the watch in,
 And stop what he was hatching,
 To spoil the light within ;
 They came to her assistance,
 As she did make resistance
 Against the priest and Devil,
 The actors of all evil,
 Who were so grand uncivil,
 To tempt a saint to sin.

The parson then confounded,
 To see himself surrounded,
 With mob and sturdy watchmen,
 Whose business is to catch men
 In lewdness with a punk ;
 He had some faint excuses,
 And all to hide abuses,
 In taking up the linen,
 Against the saints' opinion,
 Within her soft dominion,
 Alledging he was drunk.

But tho' he feigned reeling,
 They made him pay for feeling,
 And lugg'd him to a prison,
 To bring him to his reason,

P

Which

Which he had lost before ;
 And thus we see how preachers,
 That should be Gospel teachers,
 How they are strangely blinded,
 And are so fleshy minded,
 Like carnal men inclined,
 To lye with any whore.

S O N G.

AT noon in a sultry summer's day,
 The brightest lady of the May,
 Young Chloris innocent and gay,
 Sate knotting in a shade:
 Each slender finger play'd its part,
 With such activity and art ;
 As would inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by ;
 She had him quickly in her eye ;
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid ;
 She let her iv'ry needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;
 Then gave her Strephon such a call,
 As would have wak'd the dead.

Dear

Dear gentle youth its none but thee,
 With innocence I dare be free;
 By so much truth and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd;
 Come lean thy head upon my lap,
 Whilst thy soft cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou may'st securely take a nap;
 Which he, poor soul, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er;
 She sigh'd—and could no more:
 But starting up, she said,
 Such virtue should rewarded be,
 For this thy dull fidelity;
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me,
 Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep:
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me, mistaken maid.

S O N G.

IANTHIA the lovely, the joy of her swain,
 By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;

P 2

She

She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
 No time, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 Still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain;
 Some swore 'twould be a pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made:
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew,
 A nymph yet so kind, a nymph yet so kind,
 Or a shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
 What either did want, he bid either to move.
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
 Said, 'twas all that to bless them his god-head could do,
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
 And they still might be true.

S O N G.

A Pedlar proud as I heard tell,
 He came into a town,
 With certain wares he had to sell,
 Which he cried up and down:

At

At first of all he did begin,
 With ribbons or laces, points or pins,
 Gartering, girding, tape, or filleting,
 Maids any Conny skins.

I have of your fine perfumed gloves,
 And made of the best Doe skin;
 Such as young men do give their loves,
 When they their favour win:
 Besides he had a prettier thing
 Than ribbons, &c.

I have of your fine necklaces,
 As ever you did behold;
 And of your silk handkerchiefs,
 That are lac'd with gold:
 Besides he had many a prettier thing
 Than ribbons, &c.

Good fellow, says one, and smiling fate,
 Your measure does somewhat pinch;
 Besides you measure at that rate,
 It wants above an inch:
 And then he shew'd her a prettier thing,
 Than ribbons, &c.

The lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
 And vow'd and did protest,

Unless

Unless he shew'd it her once again,
 She never should be at rest :
 With that he shew'd her his prettier thing
 Than ribbons, &c.

With that the pedlar began to huff.
 And said his measure was good,
 If that she pleas'd to try his stuff,
 And take it whilst it stood :
 And then he gave her a prettier thing
 Than ribbons, &c.

Good fellow, said she, when you come again,
 Pray bring good store of your ware ;
 And for new customers do not sing,
 For I'll take all and to spare :
 With that she hugg'd his prettier thing
 Than ribbons, &c.

S O N G.

WALKING down the Highland town,
 There I saw lasses many ;
 But upon the bank, in the highest rank,
 Was one more gay than any ;
 I look'd about for one kind face,
 And I saw Billy Scrogy ;
 I ask'd of him what was her name,,
 They call'd her Catherine Logy.

I travelled East, and I travelled West,
And I travelled through Strabogy;
But the fairest lass that e'er I see,
Was the pretty Catherine Logy.

I travelled East, and I travelled West,
And travell'd thro' Strabogy;
But I'd watch a long winter's night,
To see fair Catherine Logy.

I've a love in Lamer moor,
A dainty love in Leith, fir;
And another love in Edinburg,
And two loves in Dalkeith, fir.

Ride I East, or ride I West,
My love she's still before me,
But gin my wife should ken aw this,
I should be very forrow.

S O N G.

PEGGY in devotion,
Bred from tender years,
From my loving motion,
Still was call'd to prayers:
I made muckle bustle
Love's dear fort to win;
But the kirk Apostle,
Told her 'twas a sin.

Fasting

Fasting and repentance,
 And such whining cant,
 With the Doomsday sentence,
 Frighted my young faint :
 He taught her the duty,
 Heavenly joys to know ;
 I that lik'd her beauty,
 Taught her those below.

Nature took my part still,
 Sense did reason blind ;
 That for all his art still,
 She to me inclin'd :
 Strange delight hereafter,
 Did so dull appear,
 She, as I had taught her,
 Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your laughter,
 'Mongst the canting race,
 Neither son nor daughter,
 Ever yet had grace :
 Peggy on the Sunday,
 With her daddy vext,
 Came to me on Monday,
 And forgot his text.

SONG.

S O N G.

ROOM, room, room for a rover,
 Yonder town's so hot;
 I, a country lover,
 Bless my freedom got:
 This celestial weather
 Such enjoyment gives,
 We, like birds, flock hither,
 Browzing on green leaves:
 Some who late late scowling,
 Public cheats to mend,
 Study now with bowling,
 Each to cheat his friend:
 Whilst on the Hawthorn tree, terry rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry,
 Rerry rerry, sings the blackbird, oh what a world have we.

S O N G.

THERE was a lass of Islington,
 As I have heard many tell,
 And she would to fair London go,
 Fine apples and pears to sell;
 And as along the streets she flung,
 With her basket on her arm,
 Her pears to sell, you may know it right well,
 This fair maid meant no harm.

Q

But

But as she tripp'd along the street
 Her pleasant fruit to sell,
 A vintner did with her meet,
 Who lik'd this maid full well:
 Quoth he, fair maid, what have ye there,
 In basket decked brave?
 Fine pears, quoth she, and, if it please ye,
 A taste, sir, ye shall have.

The vintner he took a taste,
 And like it well; for why,
 This maid he thought of all the rest,
 Most pleasing to the eye:
 Quoth he, fair maid, I have a suit,
 That you to me must grant;
 Which if I find you be so kind,
 There's nothing you shall want

Thy beauty doth so please my eye,
 And dazzles so my sight,
 That now of all my liberty
 I am deprived quite:
 Then prithee now consent to me,
 And do not put me by;
 It is but one small courtesy,
 All night with you to lie.

Sir,

Sir, if you lie with me all night,
 As you propound to me,
 I do expect that you should prove
 Both courteous, kind, and free;
 And for to tell you all in short,
 It will cost you five pound;
 A match, a match, the vintner said,
 And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all night
 Her money she did crave;
 O stay, quoth he, the other night,
 And thy money thou shalt have:
 I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
 I needs must now be gone;
 Why then thou may'st thy money go look,
 For money I'll pay thee none.

This maid she made no more ado,
 But to a Justice went,
 And unto him she made her moan,
 Who did her case lament:
 She said, she had a cellar let out,
 To a vintner in the town;
 And how that he did then agree,
 Five pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the case is thus,
 No rent that he will pay;
 Therefore, your worship, I beseech,
 To send for him this day:
 Then straight the Justice for him sent,
 And ask'd the reason why,
 That he would pay this maid no rent?
 To which he did reply:

Altho' I hired a cellar of her,
 And the possessing was mine,
 I ne'er put any thing into it,
 But one poor pipe of wine:
 Therefore my bargain it was hard,
 As you may plainly see;
 I from my freedom was debarr'd,
 Then good sir favour me.

This fair maid being ripe of wit,
 She straight replied again,
 There were two butts more at the door,
 Why did not you roll them in?
 You had your freedom and your will,
 As it to you well known;
 Therefore I do desire still
 For to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their case,
 Did then give orders straight,
 That he the money should pay down,
 She should no longer wait:
 Withal he told the vintner plain
 If he a tenant be,
 He must expect to pay the same,
 For he could not sit rent free.
 But when the money she had got,
 She put it in her purse,
 And clap'd her hand on the cellar door,
 And said it was never the worse:
 Which caused the people all to laugh,
 To see this vintner fine,
 Outwitted by a country girl,
 About his pipe of wine.

S O N G.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses tull his shunn,
 His stockings were of the finest silk,
 His garters hanging down:
 It was a comely sight to see,
 He was so trim a boy;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handiome Gilderoy.

Oh

Oh ! sic a charming eye he had,
 A breath as sweet as rose,
 He never wore a Highland plad,
 But costly filking cloaths :
 He gain'd the love of ladies gay,
 There's none to him was coy ;
 Ah, wa's me, Ise mourn this day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I was born,
 Both in one town together ;
 Not past seven years of age,
 Since we did love each other :
 Our daddies and our mammies both,
 Were cloath'd with muckle joy ;
 To think upon the bridle-day
 Of I and my Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that love of mine,
 Gued faith Ise freely bought,
 A wedding fark of Holland fine.
 With silk in flowers wrought :
 And he gave me a wedding ring,
 Which I received with joy.
 No lads or lasses e'er could sing
 Like my sweet Gilderoy.

In muckle joy we spend our time,
 Till we were both fifteen;
 Then gently he did lay me down
 Amongst the leaves so green:
 When he had done what he could do,
 He rose and he gang'd his way;
 But ever since I lov'd the man,
 My handsome Gilderoy

While we did both together play,
 He kifs'd me o'er and o'er;
 Gued faith it was as blythe a day
 As e'er I saw before:
 He fill'd my heart in every vein
 With love and muckle joy;
 Who was my love and heart's delight,
 Mine own sweet Gilderoy.

Oh never, never shall I see,
 The cause of past delight;
 Or sic a lovely lad as he,
 Transport my ravish'd fight:
 The law forbids what love enjoins,
 And does prevent our joy,
 Tho' just and fair were the designs
 Of me and Gilderoy.

'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,
 Must he be punish'd then;
 What kind of cruelty is this
 To hang such handsome men?
 The flower of the Scottish land,
 A sweet and lovely boy;
 He likewise had a lady's hand,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,
 And there God wot they bang'd him;
 Carried him to Edinburg,
 And there God wot they hang'd him:
 They hang'd him up above the rest,
 He was so trim a boy;
 My only love and heart's delight,
 My charming Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 In Cypress he was laid;
 Then for my dearest, after death,
 A funeral I made:
 Over his grave a marble stone,
 I fixed for my joy,
 Now I am left to weep alone,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Pox on those fools who exclaim against wine,
And by the dear sweets that the bottle doth bring;
It heighthens the fancy, the wit does refine,
And he that was first drunk was made the first king.

By the help of good claret old age becomes youth,
And sick men still find this the only physician;
Drink largely, you ll know by experience, the truth,
That he that drinks most is the best politician.

To victory this leads on the brave cavalier,
And makes all the terrors of war but delight;
This flushes his courage, and beats off base fear,
'Twas that that taught Cæsar and Pompey to fight.

This supports all our friends, and knocks down our foes,
This makes us all loyal men from courtier to clown;
Like Dutchmen from brandy, from this our strength grows,
So 'tis wine, noble wine, that's a friend to the crown.

S O N G.

A Shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high, fa la la. &c.
And there came a pretty maid passing by, fa la, &c.
Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a wife;
No, by my troth, I'm not weary of my life, fa la, &c.

R

Shepherd

Shepherd for thee I care not a fly, fa la,
 For thou'lt not the face with a fair maid to lie, fa la;
 How now, my damsel, say'it thou so,
 Thou shalt taste of my bottle before thou dost go, fa la.

Then he took her and laid her upon the ground, fa la,
 And made her believe that the world it went round, fa la;
 Look yonder, my shepherd, look yonder I spy
 There are fine pretty babies that dance in the sky, fa la.

And now they are vanish'd, and now they appear, fa la,
 Sure they will tell stories of what we do here, fa la;
 Lie still, my dear Chloris, enjoy the conceit,
 For the babies are too young and too little to prate, fa la.

See, how the heavens fly swifter than day, fa la,
 Rise quickly, or they will all run away, fa la;
 Rise quickly, my shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
 For the sun, moon, and stars are got in my belly, fa la.

O dear, where am I? pray shew me they way, fa la,
 Unto my father's house hard by, fa la;
 If he chance to chide me for staying so long,
 I'll tell him the fumes of your bottle was strong, fa la.

And now thou hast brought my body to shame, fa la,
 I prithee now tell me what is thy name, fa la;

Why

Why Robin in the rushes my name is, quoth he,
But I think he told her quite contrary, fa la.

Then for Robin in the rushes she did inquire, fa la,
But he hung down his head, and he would not come nigh
her, fa la;

He wink'd with one eye, as if he had been blind,
And he drew one leg after a great way behind, fa la.

S O N G.

BY moon-light on the green,
Our bonny lasses cooing,
And dancing there I've seen,
Who seem'd alone worth wooing;
Her skin like driven snow,
Her hair brown as a berry;
Her eyes black as a sloe,
Her lips red as a cherry.

Oh how she tripp'd it, skip'd it,
Leap'd it, slept it, whisk'd it,
Frisk'd it, whirl'd it, twirl'd it.
Swimming, spinning, starting,
So quick, the tune to nick,
With a heave and a tofs,
And a jerk at parting,
With a heave, and a tofs, and a jerk at parting.

As she sat down I bowed,
 And veil'd my bonnet to her ;
 Then took her from the crowd,
 With honey words to woo her ;
 Sweet blytheft lass, quoth I,
 (It being bleaky weather)
 I prithee let us try,
 Another dance together.
 Oh how she, &c.

Whilst suing thus I stood,
 Quoth she, pray leave your fooling ;
 Some dancing heats the blood,
 But yours I fear lacks cooling :
 Still for a dance I pray'd,
 And we at last had seven ;
 And whilst the fiddle play'd
 She thought herself in heaven.
 Oh how she, &c.

At last she with a smile,
 To dance again desired me ;
 Quoth I, pray stay awhile,
 For now, good faith, you've tir'd me :
 With that she look'd on me,
 And sigh'd with muckle sorrow ;
 Then gang ye'ar gate, quoth she,
 But dance again to-morrow.

SONG.

S O N G.

HOW happy, how happy is she,
 How happy, how happy is she,
 That early, that early her passion begins,
 And willing, and willing with love to agree.
 Does not stay till she comes to her teens:
 Then, then she's all pure and chaste,
 Then, then she's all pure and chaste,
 Like angels her smiles to be priz'd;
 Pleasure is seen cherub fac'd,
 And nature appears, and nature appears undisguis'd.

From twenty to thirty, and then
 Set up for a lover in vain;
 By that time we study how men,
 May be wreck'd with neglect and disdain:
 Love dwells where we meet with desire,
 Desire which nature has given:
 She's a fool then that feeling the fire,
 Begins not to warm at eleven.

S O N G.

A Young man lately in our town,
 He went to bed one night,
 He had no sooner lay'd him down,
 But was troubled with a sprite:

So

So vigorously the spirit stood,
 Let him do what he can,
 Sure then he said it must be laid
 By woman, not by man.

A handsome maid did undertake,
 And into the bed she leap'd ;
 And to allay the spirits power,
 Full close to h'm she crep'd :
 She having such a guardian care,
 Her office to discharge,
 She open'd wide her conjuring book,
 And laid the leaves at large.

Her office she did well perform,
 Within a little space ;
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his face :
 She took her leave, and away she went,
 When she had done the deed ;
 Saying, if 't chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.

SONG.

HOW is the world transform'd of late,
 In country, town, and city ;

As

As if we were decreed by fate,
 To sing a mournful ditty.
 About the dismal change of things,
 There was no sooth in fauner,
 In the blest reign of former kings,
 When I was a man of honour.

I kept a castle of my own,
 With land five thousand acres,
 When old King Harry grac'd the throne,
 Before the time of quakers;
 My doors and gate stood open wide,
 I lack'd no ring nor runner;
 An ox each day I did provide,
 When I was, &c.

My guests all day went in and out,
 To feast and cheer their senses;
 Could I but bring the year about,
 I grudg'd not my expences:
 My talent was to feast the poor,
 I valu'd no court fauner;
 Of cooks I kept full half a score,
 When I was, &c.

When Christmas-day was drawing near,
 To cheer and make them merry,
 I broach'd my humming stout March beer,
 As brown as the Hawthorn berry;

Of

Of which there was not any lack,
 I was myself the donor ;
 'Twas fetch'd up in a leathern jack,
 When I was, &c.

I never lay in tradesmen's books,
 For gaudy silks and fartin ;
 Nor did I pay with frowning look'd,
 Or broken scrapes of Latin ;
 They had my gold and silver free,
 I fear'd not any dunner :
 All men were glad to deal with me,
 When I was, &c.

I never kept my hawks and hounds,
 Or lewd and wanton misses ;
 I'd never sell or mortgage towns,
 To purchase charming kisses,
 Of those that seek their prey by night,
 Each cunning female fawner ;
 My lady was my heart's delight,
 When I was, &c.

I never hid my noble head,
 For any debts contracted ;
 Nor from the nation have I fled,
 For treason basely acted :

Nor

Nor did I in the least rebel,
 To make myself a runner;
 My loyalty was known full well,
 When I was, &c.

I never did betray my trust,
 For bribes more sweet than honey:
 Nor was I false, nor so unjust,
 To sink the nation's money,
 My lands and livings to enlarge
 By wronging each good donor;
 I built not at the nation's charge
 When I was. &c.

We find now in these latter days,
 Some men hath delegated
 From truth, and found out greedy ways;
 This should be regulated:
 And act henceforth with heart and hand,
 Oppose the sons of Bonor;
 I lov'd my king and serv'd my land
 When I was, &c.

For bounty, love, and large relief,
 For noble conversation;
 For easing the poor widow's grief,
 In times of lamentation;

S

For

For house of hospitality
 I'll challenge any donor :
 There's few or none that can outvey
 King Henry's men of honour

S O N G.

IN a flow'ry myrtle grove,
 The solitary scene of love,
 On beds of violets all the day,
 The charming Floriana lay;
 The little Cupids hover'd in the air,
 They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their mother there.

Phœbus delay'd his course awhile,
 Charm'd with the spell of such a smile,
 Whilst weary ploughmen curs'd the stay,
 Of the too uxorious day;
 The little Cupids hover'd in the air.
 They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their mother there.

But thus the nymph began to chide,
 " That eye, you owe the world beside,
 You fix on me." Then, with a frown,
 She sent her drooping lover down;
 With modest blushes from the grove she fled,
 Painting the evening with unufal red.

SONG.

S O N G.

SOME in the town go betimes to the downs,
 To pursue the fearful hare;
 Some in the dark love to hunt in a park,
 For to chace all the deers that are there:
 Some love to see the faulcon to flee,
 With a joyful rise against the air:
 But all my delight is a coney in the night,
 When she turns up her silver hair.

When she is beset, with a bow, gun, or net,
 And finding no shelter for to cover her,
 She falls down flat, or in a turft does squat,
 Till she lets the hunter get over her;
 With her breasts she does butt, and she bubs up her scut,
 When the bullets fly close by her ear,
 She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an ape,
 And she turns up her silver hair.

The ferret he goes in, thro' flags thick and thin,
 Whilst Mettle pursueth the chace,
 The coney she shews play, and in the best of her way,
 Like a cat she does spit in his face:
 Tho' she lies in the dust, she fears not his nest,
 With her full bound up fir career;
 With the strength that she shews she gaps at the nose,
 And she turns up her silver hair.

The sport is so good, that in town or in wood,
 In a hedge, or a ditch, you may do it;
 In a kitchen or a hall, in a barn or in a stall,
 Or wherever you please you may do it:
 So pleasing is it that you can hardly miss,
 Of so rich game in all our shire;
 For they love so to play, that by night or by day,
 They will turn up their silver hair.

S O N G.

COME from the Temple, away to the bed,
 As the merchant transports home his treasure;
 Be not so coy lady, since we are wed,
 'Tis no sin to taste the pleasure;
 Then let us be blythe, merry and free,
 Upon my life all the waiters are gone;
 And 'tis so, that they know where you go, say not so
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

What is it to me if our hands joined be,
 If our bodies are still kept asunder?
 It shall not be said, there goes a married maid,
 Indeed we will have no such wonder;
 Therefore let's embrace, there's none sees thy face,
 The bridemaids that waited are gone;
 None can spy how you lie, ne'er deny, but say ay,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

Sweet

Sweet love, do not frown, but pull off thy gown,

'Tis a garment unfit for the night;

Some say that black hath a relishing smack,

I had rather been dealing with white:

Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,

Since we two are together alone;

I invite you this night, to do me right in my delight,

For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us kiss, and taste of our bliss,

Which brave lords and ladies enjoy;

If all maids should be of the humour of thee,

Generation would soon be destroy'd:

Then where were the joys; the girls and the boys

Would't live in the world all alone;

Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not coy for a toy,

For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,

For my humour I cannot prevent it;

You are straight lac'd, and your top-knot so fast,

Undo it, or I straitway will rend it;

Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it with a knife,

'Tis too long to stay till its undone;

Let thy waist be unlac'd, and in haste be embrac'd,

For I long to make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and sweeter than air,
 That dallies on July's brave roses,
 Now let me be to thy garden a key,
 That the flowers of virgins incloses;
 And I will not be too rough unto thee,
 For my nature to mildness is prone;
 Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
 For this night I'll make bold with my own.

S O N G.

YOUNG Strephon and Phillis
 They fate on a hill;
 But the shepherd was wanton,
 And would not sit still:
 His head on her bosom,
 And arms round her waist,
 He hugg'd her, and kiss'd her,
 And clasp'd her so fast;
 Till, playing and jumbling,
 At last they fell tumbling,
 And down, down, they got 'em:
 But oh! oh! they fell soft, on the grass on the bottom.

As the shepherdes tumbled,
 The rude wind got in,
 And blew up her cloaths
 And her smock to her chin:

The

The shepherd beheld

Madam Venus, he swore,

For he knew her own dove,

By the feathers she wore:

But, furious love sallying,

He quickly left dallying,

And down, down, he soon got him;

But oh! oh! how soft and how sweet at the bottom.

The shepherdess, blushing

To think what she had done,

Away from the shepherd

Endeavour'd to run;

Which Strephon perceiving,

The wand'rer did seize,

And cried, don't be angry,

Fair nymph, if you:

'Tis too late to be cruel;

Thy frown, my dear jewel,

Now no more stings have got 'em,

For oh! thou art all kind and all soft at the bottom.

S O N G.

SOMETIMES I am a tapster new,

And skilful in my trade, sir;

I fill my pot most duly

Without deceit or froth, sir:

A spigot of two handful long,
 I use to occupy, fir ;
 And when I see a butt abroad,
 Then shall no beer go by, fir.

Sometimes I am a butcher,
 And then I feel fat ware, fir ;
 And if the flask be flesh'd well,
 I take no farther care, fir ;
 But in I thrust my slaughtering knife,
 Upto the haft with speed, fir ;
 For all that ever I can do,
 I cannot make it bleed, fir.

Sometimes I am a baker,
 And bake both white and brown, fir ;
 I have as fine a wrigling-pole
 As any in this town, fir :
 But if my oven be over hot,
 I dare not thrust it in, fir,
 For burning of my wrigling pole
 My skill's not worth a pin, fir.

Sometimes I am a glover,
 And can do passing well, fir,
 In dressing of a doe skin
 I know I do excel, fir :

But

But if by chance a flaw I find,
In dressing of the leather,
I straightway whip my needle out,
And I tack 'em both together.

Sometimes I am a cook,
And in Fleet-street I do dwell, fir,
At the sign of the sugar loaf,
As it is known full well, fir :
And if a dainty las comes by,
And wants a dainty bit, fir,
I take four quarters in my arms,
And put them on my spit, fir.

In weavering and in fulling
I have such passing skill, fir ;
And underneath my weavering beam
There stands a fulling mill, fir :
To have good wives displeasure
I would be very loath, fir ;
The water runs so near my hand
It over-thicks my clott, fir.

Sometimes I am a shoe-maker,
And work with silly bones, fir ;
To make my leather soft and moist,
I use a pair of stones, fir :

T

My

My lasts for and my lasting sticks,
 Are fit for every size, fir;
 I know the length of lasses feet
 By handling of their thighs, fir.

The tanner's trade I practise
 Sometimes amongst the rest, fir;
 Yet I could never get a hair
 Of any hide I dress'd, fir:
 For I have been tanning of a hide
 This seven long years and more, fir,
 And yet it is as hairy still
 As ever it was before, fir.

Sometimes I am a taylor,
 And work with thread that's strong, fir;
 I have a fine great needle,
 About two hand fulls long, fir:
 The finest sempster in this town,
 That works by line or leisure,
 May use my needle at a pinch,
 And do themselves great pleasure.

S O N G.

WHEN I was in the low country,
 When I was in the low country,
 What slices of pudding and pieces of bread
 My mother gave me when I was in need.

My

My mother she kill'd a good fat hog,
 She made such puddings would choke a dog;
 And I shall ne'er forget till I dee,
 What lumps of pudding my mother gave me.

She hung them upon a pin,
 The fat crept out and the maggots crept in;
 If you won't believe me you may go see,
 What lumps, &c.

And every day my mother would cry,
 Come stuff your belly, girl, until you die;
 'T would make you to laugh if you were to see,
 What lumps, &c.

I no sooner at night was got to bed,
 But she all in kindness would come with speed;
 She gave me such parcels, I thought I should dee
 With eating of pudding, &c.

At last I rambled abroad, and then
 I met in my frolick an honest man;
 Quoth he, my dear Phillis, I'll give unto thee,
 Such pudding you never did see.

Said I, honest man, I thank thee most kind,
 And as he told me indeed I did find;
 He gave me a lump which did so agree,
 One bit was worth all my mother gave me.

S O N G.

IN the morning e'er 'twas light,

In the morning early,

There I met with my delight,

Once he lov'd me dearly :

Wooing here,

Wooing there,

He he woo.

There he woo,

Every where he woo

Oh ! how free from care and strife

Is a pleasant country life.

E'er the light came from above,

In the morning early,

There I met with my true love,

There I met him early,

Wooing here,

Wooing there,

Here he woo,

Every where he woo.

Oh ! how free from care and strife,

Is a pleasant country life.

In the morn e'er the sun do shine,

In the morning early,

There I met my father's kine,

There I feed them early, (boo boo)

Booing

Booing here,
Booing there,
Here a boo,
There a boo,
Every where a boo.

Oh! how free from care and strife
Is a pleasant country life.

In the morning at six o'clock,
In the morning early,
There I feed our turkey cock,
There I feed him early, cou, cou, gobble gobble gobble,
Couing here,
Couing there,
Here a cou,
There a cou,
Every where a cou.

Oh! how free from care and strife
Is a pleasant country life.

In the morning, near the fens,
In the morning early,
I my father's ducks do feed,
In the morning early;
Quacking here,
Quacking there,
Here a quack,

There

There a quack,
Every where a quack.

Oh ! how free from care and strife
Is a pleasant country life.

In the morn at seven o'clock,
In the morning early;
There I feed my father's flock,
There I feed them early, (baa, baa)
Baaing here,
Baaing there,
Here a baa,
Every where a baa.

Oh ! how free from care and strife
Is a pleasant country life.

In the morning fair and fine,
In the morning early,
There I feed my father's swin,
There I feed them early ;
Grunting here,
Grunting there,
Here a grunt,
There a grunt,
Every where a grunt.

Oh ! how from care and strife
Is a pleasant country life.

SONG.

THOU' thou'rt ugly and old,
 A damn'd flut and a scold,
 Yet if you will tip me a guinea,
 By the help of my rhimes,
 To th latest of times,
 Thou shalt have thy adorers, dear Jenny.

We bards have a nack,
 To turn white into black,
 And make vice seem virtue, which odds is :
 True poetical cant
 Dubbs a rebel a saint,
 And refines a jilt into a goddeffs.

These trick rhiming fages,
 Observ'd in all ages
 To drefs nak'd truth in a fable ;
 And tho' ev'ry story
 Out did purgatory,
 They still were believ d by the rabble.

Pray what was Actæon.
 Whom dogs made a prey on,
 But a sportsman undone by his chacing ?
 Or the tam'd Diomedé,
 On whom his naggs fled,
 But a jocky quite ruin'd by racing ?

Madæa,

Medæa, 'tis sung,
 Could make old woman young,
 Tho' she nought but a true waiting maid is;
 Who with comb of black lead,
 With paint white and red,
 With paint and wash, vamp-up grey ladies.

Vulcan left the bellows,
 And Sooty left good fellows,
 That he might take of Nectar a can full;
 Venus was a gay trull,
 To the cockoldy fool;
 Mars a bully that beat on her anvil.

Neptune was a tarpaulin,
 And Phœbus by calling
 A mountebank, wizard, and harper;
 Jolly Bacchus a lad
 Of the wine-drawing trade;
 And Mercury a pimp, and a sharper.

Pallas was a stale mtid.
 With a grim Gorgon's head,
 Whose ugliness made her the chaster:
 A scold great was Juao,
 As I know or you know;
 And Jove was as great a whore master.

Then

Then prithee, dear creature,
 Now shew thy good-nature,
 This once be my female Mecænas;
 And times yet unknown,
 My Jenny shall own
 Chaste as Pallas, but fairer than Venus.

S O N G.

A Jolly young Grocer of London town,
 Fell deedly in love with his maid;
 And often he courted her to lie down,
 But she told him she was afraid.
 Sometimes he would struggle,
 But still she would boggle,
 And never consent to his wicked will;
 But said he must tarry
 Until he would marry,
 And then he should have his fill.

But when that he found he could not obtain
 The blessing he thus pursu'd:
 For tho' he had tried her again and again,
 She vow'd she would not be lew'd:
 At last he submitted
 To be outwitted,
 As to be caught in the nuptial state;

Altho' the young hussy
 Before had been busy
 With one that she lov'd more dear.

The morning after they married were
 The drums and the fiddles came;
 Then oh what a thumping and scratching was there
 To please the new-married dame:
 There was fiddle come fiddle,
 With hey diddle diddle;
 And all the time that the music play'd,
 There was kissing and loving,
 And heaving and shoving,
 For fear she should rise a maid.

But e'er three months they had married been
 A thumping boy pop'd out;
 Adf—, says he, you confounded quean,
 What have you been about:
 You're a strumpet, f y he;
 You're a cuckold, cries she.
 And when he found he was thus betray'd,
 There was fighting and scratching,
 And roguing and bitching,
 Because she had prov'd a jade.

SONG.

S O N G.

AS I came down the hey land town,
 There was lasses many,
 Sate in a rank, on either bank,
 And ene more gay than any;
 He leek't about for ene kind face,
 And he spie'd Willy Scroggy;
 He spir'd of him what was her name,
 And he caw'd her Katharine Loggy.

A sprightly bonny girl she was,
 And made my heart to rise Joe;
 She was so fair, sa blythe a lass,
 And love was in her eyes so:
 He walk'd about like ene poss't,
 And quite forgot poor Moggy;
 For nothing now could give me rest,
 But bonny Katharine Loggy.

My pretty Katy, then quoth I,
 And many a sigh I gave her,
 Let not a Lird for Katy die,
 But take him to great favour:
 She laught aloud, and sa did aw,
 And bade me hameward to ge,
 And still cried out, awa, awa,
 Fie bonny Katharine Loggy.

A fardel farther I would see,
 And some began to muse me;
 The lasses they fate wittily,
 And the lads began to rooze me:
 The blades and beaus came down she knows,
 Like ring rooks fro Strecy Boggy;
 And four and twenty Highland lads
 Were following Katharine Loggy.

When I did ken this muckle trame,
 And every ene did know her,
 I spir'd of Willy what they mean,
 Quo he, they aw do mow her:
 There's ne'er a lass in aw Scotland,
 From Dundee to Strecy Boggy,
 That has her fort so bravely mann'd,
 As bonny Katharine Loggy.

At first indeed I need must tell,
 Ife could not well believe it;
 But when I saw how fou they fell,
 Ife could not but conceive it.
 There was ne'er a lad of any note,
 Or any deaf young roguey,
 But he did lift the welly coat
 Of bonny Katharine Loggy.

Had

Had I kenn'd her kittleness,
 As I came o'er the moor Joe,
 Ife had ne'er ban as Ife ha dun,
 Nor e'er out-shankt my seln so:
 For I was then so shankt with kint,
 I spurr'd my auld nag Foggy;
 And had I kenn'd she had bin a whore,
 I had ne'er lov'd Katharine Loggy.

S O N G.

DEAR Catholic brother are you come from the wars, —
 So lame of your feet, and your face full of scares,
 To see your poor Shela, who with great grief was fill'd
 For you, my dear joy, when I think you were kill'd.
 With a fa la la.

Oh! my shoul, my dear Sela, I'm glad you see me,
 For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;
 The cuts in my body, and the scares in my face,
 I got them in fighting for her Majesty's Grace.
 With a fa la la.

But oh! my dear Shela, dost thou not love me
 So well as you did e'er I went to the sea;
 By Christ and St. Partrick, my dear joy, I do;
 And we shall be married to-morrow just now.
 With a fa la la.

I'll make a cabin for my dearest to keep off the cold,
 And I have a guinea of yellow red gold;
 To make three halves of it I think will be best,
 Give two to my Shela, and the third to the priest.
 With a fa la la.

Old Philemy, my father, was full fourscore years old,
 And tho' he is dead he'll be glad to be told
 That we two are married; my dear spare no cost,
 But send him some letters, upon the last post.
 With a fa la la

S O N G.

A Comely dame of Islington,
 Had got a leaky copper;
 The hole that let the liquor run
 Was wanting of a stopper,
 A jolly tinker undertook,
 And promis'd her most fairly,
 With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
 To do her business rarely.

He turn'd the vessel to the ground,
 Says he, a good old copper;
 But well may't leak, for I have found
 A hole in't that's a whopper:

But

But never doubt a tinker's stroke,
 Altho' he black and furly;
 With a thump thump thump, and a knick knack knock,
 He'll do your business purely.

The man of mettle open'd wide
 His budget's mouth to please her;
 Says he this tool we oft employ'd
 About such jobs as these are:
 With that the jolly tinker took
 A stroke or two most kindly;
 With a thump thump thump, and a knick knack knock,
 He did her business purely.

As soon as Crock had done the feat,
 He cried, 'tis very hot, ho,
 This thirsty labour makes me sweat;
 Here gi's a cooling pot, ho:
 Says she, besto v the other stroke
 Before you take your farewell,
 With a thump thump thump, and a knick knack knock,
 And you may drink a barrel.

S O N G.

WHEN first I laid siege to my Chloris,
 When first I laid siege to my Chloris,

Cannon

Cannon oaths I brought down,
To batter the town,
And boom her with amorous stories.

Billet deux, like small shot did so ply her,
Billet deux, like small shot did so ply her;
And sometimes a song
Went whistling along,
Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent word by a trumpet,
At length she sent word by a trumpet,
That if I lik'd the life,
She would be my wife.
But she would be no man's strumpet.

I told her that Mars would ne'er marry,
I told her that Mars would ne'er marry;
I swore by the scares
Got in combates and wars,
That I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.

At length she granted the favour,
At length she granted the favour,
Without the dull curse,
For better for worse,
And saved the parson the labour.

SONG.

S O N G.

HERE lies William de Valence,
A right good Earl of Pembroke;
And this his monument which you see,
I'll swear upon a book.

He was high-marshal of England
When Henry the third did reign;
But this you may take upon my word,
He'll ne'er be so again.

Here the lord Edward Talbot lies,
The town of Shrewsbury's earl;
Together with his countess fair,
That was a most delicate girl.

The next to him there lieth one,
Sir Richard Peckshall hight;
Of whom we only this do say,
He was a Hampshire knight.

But now to tell you more of him,
There lies beneath this stone
Two wives of his, and daughters four,
To all of us unknown.

U

Sir

Sir Barnard Brockhurst there doth lie,
 Lord Chamberlain to Queen Ann:
 Queen Ann was Richard the second's queen,
 Who was king of Old England.

Sir Francis Hollis, the Lady Frances;
 The same was Suffolk's duchess;
 Two children of Edward the third,
 Lies here in death's cold clutches.

This is the third King Edward's brother,
 Of whom our records tell
 Nothing of note, nor say they whether
 He be in heaven or hell.

This same was John of Eldeston,
 He was no coltermonger,
 But Cornwall's earl; and here's one died
 'Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady Mohun, Duchess of York,
 And Duke of York's wife also;
 But death resolv'd to horn the duke,
 She lies now with death below.

The Lady Ann Rofs; but wot ye well
 That she in child bed died:
 The Lady Marquis of Winchester,
 Lies buried by her side.

Nor

Nor think your penny well spent, good folks,
And that you're not beguiled;
Within this cup doth lie the heart
Of a French Ambassador's child.

But how the devil it came to pass,
On purpose or by chance,
The bowels they lie underneath,
The body is in France.

There's Oxford's countess, and there also
The Lady Burleigh her mother;
And there her daughter, a countess too,
Lie close by one another.

These once were bonny dames, and though
There were no coaches then,
Yet could they jog their tails themselves,
Or had them jogg'd by men.

But, woe is me! those high-born finners,
That wont to pray so stoutly,
Are now laid low, and 'cause they can't,
Their statues pray devoutly.

This is the Duchess of Somerset,
By name the Lady Ann;
Her lord Edward the sixth protected,
Oh! he was a gallant man.

U 2

In

In this fair monument, which you see
Adorn'd with so many pillars.
Doth lie the Countess of Buckingham,
And, her husband, Sir George Villiers.

This old Sir George was grandfather,
And the countess she was granny,
To the great Duke of Buckingham,
Who often topt King Jammy.

Sir Robert Eatam, a Scotch knight;
This man was secretary;
And scribbled compliments for two queens,
Queen Ann and eke Queen Mary.

This was the Countess of Lenox,
Yclep'd the Lady Marget:
King James grandmother, and yet
'Gainst death she had no target.

This was Queen Mary, Queen of Scots,
Who Buchanan doth bespatter;
She lost her head at Tottingham,
Whatever was the matter.

The mother of our seventh Henry
This is, that lieth hard by;
She was the countess wot ye well,
Of Richmond and of Derby.

Henry

Henry the seventh lieth here,
 With his fair queen beside him;
 He was the founder of this chapel,
 On ! may no ill betide him.

Therefore's his monument's in brass,
 You'll say that very much is;
 The Duke of Richmond and Lenox,
 There lieth with his Duchefs.

And here they stand upright in a prefs,
 With bodies made of wax;
 With a globe and a wand in either hand,
 And robes upon their backs.

Here lies the Duke of Buckingham,
 And the Duchefs his wife;
 Him Felton stabb'd at Portsmouth town,
 And so he lost his life.

Two children of King James these are,
 Whom death keeps very chary:
 Sophia in the cradle lies,
 And this is the Lady Mary

And this is Queen Elizabeth;
 How the Spaniards did infest her!
 Here she lies burried with Queen Mary,
 And now agrees with her sister.

To

To another chapel now we come,
The people follow and chat ;
This is Lady Cottington,
And the people cry, who's that ?

This is the Lady Frances Sidney,
The Countess of Suffolk was she ;
And this the Lord Dudley Charleton is ;
And then they look up and see.

Sir Thomas Bromley lieth here,
Death would not him reprieve ;
With his four sons, and daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir John Fullerton,
And this is his lady i trow ;
And this Sir John Puckerton,
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of Bridgewater in the middle,
Who makes no use of his bladder,
Although his lady lies so near him ;
And so we go up the ladder.

Edward the first, that gallant blade,
Lies underneath this stone ;
And this is the chair which he did bring
A good while ago from Scone.

In this same chair, till now of late,
Our kings and queens were crown'd;
Under this chair another stone
Doth lie upon the ground.

On that same stone did Jacob sleep,
Instead of a down pillow:
And, after that, 'twas brought
By some good honest fellow.

Richard the second lieth here,
And his first queen, Queen Ann;
Edward the third lieth here hard by,
Oh! there was a gallant man!

For this was his two-handed sword,
A blade both true and trusty;
The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er whip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here he lies again, with his queen Philip,
A Dutch woman by record;
But that's all one, for now, alas!
His blade's not so long as his sword.

King Edward the Confessor lies
Within this monument fine;
I'm sure, quoth one, a woful tomb
Must serve both me and mine.

Harry

Harry the fifth lies here : and there
 Doth lie Queen Eleanor ;
 To our first Edward she was wife ;
 Which was more than ye knew before.

Henry the third lies here entomb'd,
 He was herb John in pottage :
 Little he did, but still reign'd on,
 Although his sons were at age.

Fifty-six years he reigned king,
 Ere he the crown would lay by ;
 Only we praise him, 'cause he was
 Last builder of the abbey.

Here Thomas Cecil lies : who's that !
 Why 'tis the Earl of Exeter ;
 And this his Countess is ; to die
 Good lack ! how it perplex'd her.

Here Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon rests ;
 What a noise he makes with his name !
 Lord Chamberlain was he unto
 Queen Elizabeth of great fame.

And here's one William Colchester
 Lies of a certainty ;
 An abbot was he of Westminster,
 And he that faith no doth lie.

This

This is the Bishop of Durham,
By death here laid in fetters :
Henry the seventh lov'd him well,
And so he wrote his letters.

Sir Thomas Bacchus: what of him?
Poor gentleman ! not a word ;
Only they burried him here. But now
Behold that man with a sword,

Humphry de Bohun. who though he were
Not born with me i'the same town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of Essex,
Of Hartford, and Northampton.

He was high-constable of England,
As history well expresses ;
But now, pretty maids, be of good cheer,
We're going up to the presses,

And now the presses open stand,
And ye see them all a-row ;
But never no more are said of these
Than what is said below.

Now down the stairs come we again,
The man goes first with a staff ;

W

Some

Some two or three tumble down the stairs,
And then the people laugh.

This is the great Sir Francis Vere,
That to the Spaniards carried;
Four colonels support his tomb,
And here his body's buried.

That statue against the wall, with one eye,
Is Major-General Norris;
He beat the Spaniards cruelly,
As is affirmed in stories.

His six sons there hard by him stand,
Each one was a commander;
To shew he could a lady serve
As well as the Hollander.

And there doth Sir John Hollis rest.
Who was the major-general
To Sir John Norris, that brave blade:
And so they go to dinner all.

For now the show is at an end,
All things are done and said;
The citizen pays for his wife,
The prentice for the maid.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN Sylvia was kind, and love play'd in her eyes.
 We thought it no mo'ning till Sylvia did rise;
 Of Sylvia the hills and the vallies all rang,
 For she was the subject of every song.

But now, oh how litt'e her glories do move!
 That us'd to inflame us with raptures of love;
 Thy rigour, oh Sylvia, will shorten thy reign,
 And make our bright goddess a mortal again.

Love heightens our joys, he's the ease of our care,
 A spur to the valiant, a crown to the fair;
 Oh seize his soft wings then before 'tis too late.
 Or cruelty quickly will hasten thy fate.

'Tis kindness, my Sylvia, 'tis kindness alone,
 Will add to thy lovers, and strengthen thy throne;
 In love, as in empire, the raunical way,
 Will make loyal subjects forget to obey.

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Here is Vienne besieg'd, a rare thing,
 And here's Punchinello, shewn thrice to the king;
 Then see the masks to the cloisters repair,
 But there will be no raffling, a pox take the may'r.

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